

From Putnam's Monthly.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boast from his little throat,—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day
Robert is singing with all his might
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

THE CARILLON OF ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

In the pleasant land of Belgium,
Where the Scheldt first seeks the main,
Stands a quaint, old, gabled city,
Fashioned like a town of Spain.

Through that grand old town of Antwerp,
Rich in shows of bygone time,
As on eyesight falls the sunshine,
Bursts the bright cathedral chime.

On the sultry air of summer—
On December's chilling blast—
On the dull blank ear of midnight—
Is that carillon sweetly cast.

Like the golden grain in seed-time,
Scattered with a hopeful care,
That the genial after-season
May produce some harvest there.

Oft forgotten, oft remembered,
Startling, strange, and silent soon,
Lovely, even though neglected,
Like the light of crescent moon.

Where the reveller's song is loudest—
Where dim tapers light the dead—
Where the stranger seeks his chamber—
Steals that cadence overhead.

Where the monk is at his vigil,
Where the air is foul with sin—
Where the lonely sick one waketh—
That old chime strays softly in.

To the vile, in notes of warning—
Chiding tones that seldom cease—
To the sad, in words of solace,
To the pure, in thoughts of peace.

O'er the city—o'er the river—
Through each quarter of the town,

Through each day, and through each season,
Rains that frequent music down.

Even across the the parting ocean,
In still chambers of the brain,
At this moment, through the silence,
Breaks that magic sound again.

Like the carillon softly chiming,
Soothing, gentle as its fall,
Is the ceaseless dole of mercy,
Unperceived, that comes to all.

And our nobler life is nourished,
As we count the beads of time,
By pure hopes, and aspirations,
Sweeter than that minster chime.

O, 'tis well to pause and listen,
To those benisons in the air,
As we tread life's busy pathway,
That salute us everywhere.
New Monthly Magazine.

From The Churchman.

MISERE MEI.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS BRADFORD.

HERE, by the sounding sea,
My knees, O God, I bend,
And while the chanting waves to Thee
Their solemn worship send,
In humble penitence I pray,
That I be heard, as well as they.

They that Thy holy will
Placed in the ocean's palaces to dwell,
Dare never to transgress Thy right decree,
But ever do Thine awful bidding well,
Thundering amid Thy storms, or, still and dumb,
Heeding the mandate—Hither shall ye come!

And the glad voice they send,
Up to Thy throne amid the holy skies,
Passeth unchallenged through the pearly gates,
To blend with Heaven's seraphic harmonies,
And certify that Nature's "awful mirth"
Proves Thou hast still a witness on the earth.

But I,—I, who had strayed
Far from the peaceful paths that lead to thee,
Gathering the Sodom-fruit of earthly joy,
Forgetful that it grew by Sin's Dead Sea,—
How will mine accents, trembling, low, and
grieved,
'Mid Nature's joyful anthems be received?

I, whom Thy mighty hand
Fashioned in Thine own image, and endowed
With Thine immortal spirit, unto gods
My feebleness erected low have bowed,
Laying on earthly altars fruits and flowers
Thou hadst demanded for Thy heavenly bowers.

Oh, Father! all are gone!
Low in the dust my cherished idols lie,
And spirit-asphodels I should have kept
For Thee, amid the bright wrecks droop and
die!

Send rain and sunshine! Let my blossoms
spring!

Peace-offerings I may yet unto Thee bring!

Teach me to heed each tone
Spoken by bird, and flower, and wind, and
sea,—

Teach my torn heart each wish, and hope, and
joy,

That stirs its depths, to consecrate to Thee;
So, when the sea and earth give up their dead,
Thy blessing, Lord! may rest upon my head!
Texas, April, 1855.

From the National Intelligencer.

IMPLORA PACE.

Up to the silent Heaven the cry ascendeth
"Bid war and tumult cease!"
Solemnly with midnight winds it blendeth,
"On earth let there be peace!"

Too long have yonder holy moonbeams glistened
O'er fields of strife below;
Too long have yonder starry watchers listened
To sounds of war and woe.

Too long in waiting at Bethesda's portals
The spirit's troubling wing,
To heal earth's turbid waters, hapless mortals
Have lingered, wearying.

Bid that six thousand years of bloody story
Suffice life's mighty book;
Unfold one pitying page of peaceful glory,
Where seraph eyes may look!

One snowy leaf whereon recording angel,
With truth's own ray, may write
Deeds sympathetic with the great Evangel,
All pure and kind and bright.

Oh, dove of peace, as once in record olden,
Brood o'er the surges' breast;
Spread wide thy "silver wings and feathers
golden,"
Till all be hushed to rest!

Oh! printless footsteps, once at midnight steal-
ing
O'er stormy seas at will,
Walk on the billowy waves of human feeling,
And bid them "Peace, be still!" E. W.

AMONG the sheep peculiar to Turkey and Asia, and hitherto unknown in Europe, is a breed called the Karamanli, generally met with in the neighborhood of Broussa, where large flocks of them are bred, and where they are in high estimation for their flesh and their wool, but more particularly for their tails, which when boiled down yield as much as 7½ kilogrammes of excellent fat. This fat keeps good much longer than butter, and replaces it in case of need. The Zoological society for the introduction of animals into France has just decided on purchasing twenty-five Karamanli, fifteen of which will be sent to Algeria, where it is thought they will answer very satisfactorily.

From Blackwood's Magazine

MODERN NOVELISTS—GREAT AND SMALL.

GREATNESS is always comparative: there are few things so hard to adjust as the sliding-scale of fame. We remember once looking over a book of autographs, which impressed us with an acute perception of this principle. As we turned over the fair and precious leaves, we lighted upon name after name unknown to us as to a savage. What were these? They were famous names—scraps of notes and hoarded signatures from the great Professor this, and the great Mr. that, gentlemen who wrote F. R. S., and a score of other initial letters against their names, and were ranked among the remarkable people of their generation. Yet we—we say it with humiliation—knew them not, and we flatter ourselves that we were not inferior in this particular to the mass of the literature-loving public. They were great, but only in their own sphere. How many spheres are there entertaining each its own company of magnates? How few who attain the universal recognition, and are great in the sight of all men! There is not a parish or a county in the three kingdoms without its eminent person—not an art or a science but has its established oligarchy; and the great philosopher, who maps the sky like any familiar ocean, is not more emphatically distinguished among his fellows than is some individual workman in the manufactory from which came his great telescope—so true is it, in spite of the infinite diversity of individual constitution, that we have but a series of endless repetitions in the social economy of human nature. Nor is it much easier to define greatness than to limit the number of those for whom it is claimed. In the generation which has just passed, are there not two or three grand names of unquestionable magnitude and influence, the secret of whose power we cannot discover in anything they have left behind them? In fact, all that we can do when we descend from that highest platform whose occupants are visible to the whole world, and universally acknowledged, is to reconcile the claims of the lesser and narrower eminences, by permitting every individual of them to be great "in his way."

And there is no sphere in which it is so necessary to exercise this toleration as among the great army of novelists who minister to our pleasures. In no other department of literature is the field so crowded; in few others do success and failure depend so entirely upon the gifts of the artist. A biography, however indifferently executed, must always have something real in it. History may be intolerably heavy—may be partial, or disingenuous, or flippant, but still it is impossible to remove fact and significance altogether from its pages. Fiction, on the other hand, has no

such foundation to build upon, and it depends entirely on the individual powers of its professors, whether it is merely a lying legend of impossible people, or a broad and noble picture of real things and real men. To balance this, it is also true that few people are without their bit of insight, of whatever kind it may be, and that the greater portion of those who have the power of speech, the trick of composition, have really seen or known something which their neighbors would be the better for hearing. So far as it professes to represent this great crowded world, and the broad lights and shadows of universal life, with all its depths and heights, its wonders and mysteries, there are but few successful artists in fiction, and these few are of universal fame; but there remains many a byway and corner, many a nook of secret seclusion, and homes of kindly charity, which genius which is not the highest, and minds of a lower range and scantier experience, may well be content to embellish and illustrate. Nor does it seldom happen that a story-teller of this second rank finds a straight road and a speedy entrance to the natural heart which has but admired and wondered at the master minstrel's loftier tale.

Place aux dames! how does it happen that the cowardice of womankind is a fact so clearly established, and that so little notice is ever taken of the desperate temerity of this half of the creation? It is in vain that we call to the Amazon, as the lookers on at that famous tourney at Ashby-de-la-Zouch called to the disinherited knight, "Strike the Hospitaller's shield—he is weak in his saddle." While we are speaking, the feminine knight-errant rushes past us to thunder upon the buckler of Bois Guilbert, the champion of champions. Where philosophic magnates fear to tread, and bodies of divinity approach with trembling, the fair novelist flies at a gallop. Her warfare, it is true, is after the manner of women: there is a rush, a flash, a shriek, and the combatant comes forth from the *melée* trembling with delight and terror; but the sudden daring of her attack puts bravery to shame. This, which is the age of so many things—of enlightenment, of science, of progress—is quite as distinctly the age of female novelists; and women, who rarely or never find their way to the loftiest class, have a natural right and claim to rank foremost in the second. The vexed questions of social morality, the grand problems of human experience, are seldom so summarily discussed and settled as in the novels of this day, which are written by women; and, though we have little reason to complain of the first group of experienced novelists who lead our lists, we tremble to encounter the sweeping judgments and wonderful theories of the very strange world revealed to us in the books of many of the younger sisterhood.

No; Mrs. Gore with her shining, chilly sketches—Mrs. Trollope with her rough wit and intense cleverness—Mrs. Marsh with her exemplary and most didactic narratives—are orthodox and proper beyond criticism. To have remained so long in possession of the popular ear is no small tribute to their powers; and we must join, to these long-established and well-known names, the name of a writer more genial and kindly than any of them, and one who has wisely rested long upon her modest laurels, without entering into competitions with the young and restless powers of to-day—Mrs. S. C. Hall. The *Irish Sketches* of this lady resemble considerably Miss Mitford's beautiful *English sketches* in *Our Village*; but they are more vigorous and picturesque, and bright with an animated and warm nationality, apologetic and defensive, which Miss Mitford, writing of one class of English to another, had no occasion to use.

The novel of conventional and artificial life belongs to no one so much as to Mrs. Gore. Who does not know the ring of her regular sentences?—the dialogue which chimes in exactly the same measure, whether the speakers speak in a club, or in the dowager duchess's sombre and pious boudoir? *Mammon* is a good representation of her average productions; and so is *Transmutation*, an anonymous novel recently published, in which, if it is not Mrs. Gore's we are wonderfully deceived. Even in works of the highest genius it is seldom difficult to trace a family resemblance between the different creations of the same hand; and it is impossible to imagine that any mortal fancy could retain originality through the long period which this lady has spent in the composition of novels; so it is not wonderful that we need to pay especial attention to the names; to make ourselves quite sure that it is a new and not an old novel of Mrs. Gore's which we have in our hand. There is the same country house—the same meek lady and morose gentleman—the same "nice young man" for hero—and the same young ladies, good and naughty, in the same white muslin and blue ribbons. There is the same chorus kept up through the book, of conversation at clubs upon other people's business, which the parties interested either overhear or do not overhear, as is best for the story. And so the tale glides on smoothly and easily, its sorrows disturbing our placidity as little as its joys, and everybody concerned having the most composed and tranquil certainty as to how it is to end. Nevertheless, Mrs. Gore's novels have a host of readers, and Mrs. Gore's readers are interested. People will be interested, we suspect, till the end of the world, in the old, old story, how Edwin and Angelina fell in love with each other; how they were separated, persecuted, and tempted; and how their

virtue and constancy triumphed over all their misfortunes. And there is much vivacity and liveliness, and a good deal of shrewd observation in these books. They are amusing, pleasant beguilers of a stray hour; and, after all our grand pretensions, how valuable a property is this in the genus novel, which proclaims itself an ephemeron in its very name!

Mrs. Trollope is a different person. It pleases this lady to put her fortune to the touch, whether she will delight or disgust us, and according to her auditors is her success. The bold, buxom, daring, yet very foolish Mrs. Barnaby, seems to have been a work entirely after this author's heart, and at which she labored *con amore*; but we cannot profess to have the smallest scrap of admiration for Mrs. Barnaby, though there is no doubt that the coarse tricks, the coarse ronge, the transparent devices, which were too bare-faced to deceive anybody, are perfectly kept up throughout the book. We are afraid it is a fundamental error in a book to seek, not our admiration and interest, but our disgust and disapprobation for its principal character. We do not choose to leave the hero or the heroine, whose fate we have followed through three volumes, in the hands of Nemesis; we would much rather that it could be possible for her to "take a thought and mend;" and though we can resign to poetic justice a secondary villain, we revolt against entering upon a history which is only to end in confusion and overthrow to its principal actor. That Mrs. Barnaby is a real kind of woman, it is impossible to deny; and the success of her representation is but another proof of how strangely people are attracted in fiction by characters from which they cannot keep themselves sufficiently far away in real life; but we do not think the creation of this redoubtable adventurer, nor of her companion portrait, the Vicar of Wrexhill, are things which bring the author nearer to any heart. Mrs. Trollope has the same broad, coarse humor, which, with such an odd, unlooked-for contrast, breaks into those mincing, genteel histories of *Cecilia* and *Evelina*, which Johnson and Burke sat up all night to read; and though she deals lovingly with Mrs. Barnaby, there is a venom and bitterness in her picture of the Low Church Vicar, which is not very edifying. She is perhaps a cleverer woman, but we miss the silken rustle and lady-like pace of her contemporary, and find Mrs. Trollope a less agreeable companion than Mrs. Gore.

The author of *Emilia Wyndham* is of an entirely distinct character. This lady, whatever else she is, must always be exemplary. We have a distinct impression of a little circle of young ladies, emancipated from the school-room, but scarcely entered upon the world, sitting in one of her own pretty, orderly, mora-

ing rooms, clustered about the kind, but precise story-teller, when we open one of her novels. *They* dare never be so much engrossed in the tale as to forget the "deportment" which their instructress is so careful of; and she has leisure to pause now and then to bid some forgetful little one to hold up her head or throw back her shoulders. Yet there is real goodness, some dramatic power, and the natural instinct of telling a story in Mrs. Marsh. Her first and most ambitious work is not addressed to her audience of young ladies, nor would it be very suitable for them; but we prefer the good Emilia to the high-souled and sinful Lucy, and feel that the author is more in her element with one of her own pleasant groups of girls—the good one with her innocent wisdoms, and the other who is not quite good, with her almost equally innocent naughtinesses—or with her two lovers, the wild, gay, handsome, young gallant, and the grave, quiet, passionate man—than with those mysteries of sin and misery, which in very abhorrence and pity a good woman is sometimes fascinated to look into, wondering whether something may not be found there to account for the tremendous fall. But the author of *Emilia Wyndham* has lost some ground during these last few years. She has taken to making books rather than to telling stories, and has perceptibly had the printing-press and certain editorial censors before her, instead of the dove's eyes of her sweet young audience. Yet there is something pleasant always in her anxious care to point an example:—"My dear children, here is the good, and here is the evil, and you see what they lead to; and here again you perceive how the evil is overcome by the good," is the burden of her tale; and the world has not been slow to acknowledge the goodness that lies in her old-fashioned moral, nor the many indications of power and purpose which her works contain.

When we leave these respectable elder sisters of the literary corporation, we immediately find ourselves on very ticklish ground. Ten years ago we professed an orthodox system of novel-making. Our lovers were humble and devoted—our ladies were beautiful, and might be capricious if it pleased them; and we held it a very proper and most laudable arrangement that Jacob should serve seven years for Rachel, and recorded it as one of the articles of our creed; and that the only true-love worth having was that reverent, knightly, chivalrous true-love which consecrated all womankind, and served one with fervor and enthusiasm. Such was our ideal, and such our system, in the old halcyon days of novel-writing; when suddenly there stole upon the scene, without either flourish of trumpets or public proclamation, a little fierce incendiary, doomed to turn the world of fancy upside

down. She stole upon the scene—pale, small, by no means beautiful—something of a genius, something of a vixen—a dangerous little person, inimical to the peace of society. After we became acquainted with herself, we were introduced to her lover. Such a lover!—a vast, burly, sensual Englishman, one of those Hogarth men, whose power consists in some singular animal force of life and character, which it is impossible to describe or analyze. Such a wooing!—the lover is rude, brutal, cruel. The little woman fights against him with courage and spirit—begins to find the excitement and relish of a new life in this struggle—begins to think of her antagonist all day long—falls into fierce love and jealousy—betrays herself—is tantalized and slighted, to prove her devotion—and then suddenly seized upon and taken possession of, with love several degrees fiercer than her own. Then comes the catastrophe which prevents this extraordinary love from running smooth. Our heroine runs away to save herself—falls in with another man almost as singular as her first love—and very nearly suffers herself to be reduced to marry this unloved and unloving wooer; but, escaping that risk, finally discovers that the obstacle is removed which stood between her and her former tyrant, and rushes back straightway to be graciously accepted by the blind and weakened Rochester. Such was the impetuous little spirit which dashed into our well-ordered world, broke its boundaries, and defied its principles—and the most alarming revolution of modern times has followed the invasion of *Jane Eyre*.

It is not to be wondered at, that speculation should run wild about this remarkable production. Sober people, with a sober respect for womankind, and not sufficient penetration to perceive that the grossness of the book was grossness that only could be perpetrated by a woman, contested indignantly the sex of the writer. The established authorities brought forth proofs in the form of incorrect costume, and errors in dress. Nobody perceived that it was the new generation nailing its colors to its mast. No one could understand that this furious love-making was but a wild declaration of the "Rights of Woman" in a new aspect. The old fashioned deference and respect—the old fashioned wooing—what were they but so many proofs of the inferior position of the woman, to whom the man condescended with the gracious courtliness of his loftier elevation! The honors paid to her in society—the pretty fictions of politeness, they were all degrading tokens of her subjection, if she were but sufficiently enlightened to see their true meaning. The man who presumed to treat her with reverence was one who insulted her pretensions; while the lover who struggled with her, as he would have strug-

gled with another man, only adding a certain amount of contemptuous brutality, which no man would tolerate, was the only one who truly recognized her claims of equality. "A fair field and no favor," screams the representative of womanhood. "Let him take me captive, seize upon me, overpower me if he is the better man—let us fight it out, my weapons against his weapons, and see which is the strongest. You poor fellow, do you not see how you are insulting and humiliating that Rachel, for whom you serve seven years? Let her feel she is your equal—make her your lawful spoil by your bow and by your spear. The cause of the strong hand for ever—and let us fight it out!" Whereupon our heroine rushes into the field, makes desperate sorties out of her Sebastopol, blazes abroad ammunition into the skies, commits herself beyond redemption, and finally permits herself to be ignominiously captured, and seized upon with a ferocious appropriation which is very much unlike the noble and grand sentiment which we used to call love.

Yes, it is but a mere vulgar boiling over of the political cauldron, which tosses your French monarch into chaos, and makes a new one in his stead. Here is your true revolution. France is but one of the western powers; woman is the half of the world. Talk of a balance of power which may be adjusted by taking a Crimea, or fighting a dozen battles—here is a battle which must always be going forward—a balance of power only to be decided by single combat, deadly and uncompromising, where the combatants, so far from being guided by the old punctilios of the duello, makes no secret of their ferocity, but throw sly javelins at each other, instead of shaking hands before they begin. Do you think that young lady is an angelic being, young gentleman? Do you compare her to roses and lilies, and stars and sunbeams, in your deluded imagination? Do you think you would like to "deck and crown your head with bays," like Mouton, all for the greater glory to her, when she found you "serve her evermore?" Unhappy youth! She is a fair gladiator—she is not an angel. In her secret heart she longs to rush upon you, and try a grapple with you, to prove her strength and her equality. She has no patience with your flowery emblems. Why should *she* be like a rose or a lily any more than yourself? Are these beautiful weaklings the only types you can find of *her*? And this new Bellona steps forth in armor, throws down her glove, and defies you—to conquer her if you can. Do you like it, gentle lover?—would you rather break her head and win, or leave her alone and love her? The alternative is quite distinct and unmistakable—only do not insult her with your respect and humility, for this is something more than she can bear.

These are the doctrines, startling and original, propounded by *Jane Eyre*; and they are not *Jane Eyre's* opinions only, as we may guess from the host of followers or imitators who have copied them. There is a degree of refined indelicacy possible to a woman, which no man can reach. Her very ignorance of evil seems to give a certain piquancy and relish to her attempts to realize it. She gives a runaway far-off glimpse—a strange improper situation, and whenever she has succeeded in raising a sufficient amount of excitement to make it possible that something very wrong might follow, she prevents the wrong by a bold *coup*, and runs off in delight. There are some conversations between Rochester and *Jane Eyre* which no *man* could have dared to give—which only could have been given by the overboldness of innocence and ignorance trying to imagine what it never could understand, and which are as womanish as they are unwomanly.

When all this is said, *Jane Eyre* remains one of the most remarkable works of modern times—as remarkable as *Villette*, and more perfect. We know no one else who has such a grasp of persons and places, and a perfect command of the changes of the atmosphere, and the looks of a country under rain or wind. There is no fiction in these wonderful scenes of hers. The Yorkshire dales, the north-country moor, the streets of Brussels, are illusions equally complete. Who does not know Madame Beck's house, white and square and lofty, with its level rows of windows, its green shutters, and the sun that beams upon its blinds, and on the sultry pavement before the door? How French is Paul Emmanuel and all his accessories! How English is Lucy Snowe! We feel no art in these remarkable books. What we feel is a force which makes every thing real—a motion which is irresistible. We are swept on in the current, and never draw breath till the tale is ended. Afterwards we may disapprove at our leisure, but it is certain that we have not a moment's pause to be critical till we come to the end.

The effect of a great literary success, especially in fiction, is a strange thing to observe,—the direct influence it has on some one or two similar minds, and the indirect bias which it gives to a great many others. There is at least one other writer of considerable gifts, whose books are all so many reflections of *Jane Eyre*. We mean no disparagement to Miss Kavanagh; but from *Nathalie* to *Grace Lee*, she has done little else than repeat the attractive story of this conflict and combat of love or war—for either name will do. *Nathalie*, which is very sunny and very French, is, for these its characteristic features, to be endured and forgiven, closely though it approaches to its model; but *Daisy Barns*, which is not

French, has much less claim upon our forbearance, and the last novel of this author exaggerates the repetition beyond all toleration. The Story of *Grace Lee* is a story of mutual "aggravation," in which the lady first persecuted the gentleman with attentions, kindnesses, scorn, and love; and the gentleman afterwards persecutes the lady in the self-same way. When John Owen is worried into falling in love with her, it becomes Grace Lee's turn to exasperate and tantalize, which she does with devotion; and it is not till after a separation of many years, and when they are at least middle-aged people, that this perverse couple are fairly settled at last. The Lady is a pure heroine of romance throughout, and has no probability in her; but that is a lesser matter; and the hero, without a single amiable quality, so far as appears in the story, has only to recommend him this same bitter strength, which we must conclude to be the sole heroic attribute worth mentioning in the judgment of the author. We might perhaps trace the origin of this passion for strength further back than *Jane Eyre*; as far back, perhaps as Mr. Carlyle's idolatry of the "Canning"—the king, man, and hero. But it is a sad thing, with all our cultivation and refinement, to be thrown back upon sheer blind force as our universal conqueror. Mr. Carlyle's Thor, too, is a sweet-hearted giant, and bears no comparison to Mr. Rochester and Mr. John Owen. We suspect, indeed, that Thor would be even sheepish in love, and worship the very footsteps of his princess; whereas it is principally in love, and in vanquishing a woman, that the strength of the other gentleman seems to lie. No, it is no Thor, no Berseker, no mighty Goth or Northman. One could fancy how such a genuine and real personage might eclipse the "manly beauty" of the bland Greek Apollo, to certain forms and moods of mind. These ladies, however, are not so solicitous to have some one who can conquer war or fortune, as to find some one who can subdue, and rule with a hand of iron—themselves. Nor is the indirect influence of this new light in literature less remarkable.

Mrs. Gaskell, a sensible and considerate woman, and herself ranking high in her sphere, has just fallen subject to the same delusion. *North and South* is extremely clever as a story; and, without taking any secondary qualification to build its merits upon, it is perhaps better and livelier than any of Mrs. Gaskell's previous works; yet here are still the wide circles in the water, showing that not far off is the identical spot where *Jane Eyre* and *Lucy Snowe*, in their wild sport, have been casting stones; here is again the desperate, bitter quarrel out of which love is to come; here is love itself, always in a fury, often looking exceedingly like hatred, and by no means

distinguished for its good manners, or its graces of speech. Mrs. Gaskell is perfect in all the "properties" of her scene, and all her secondary people are well drawn; but though her superb and stately Margaret is by no means a perfect character, she does not seem to us a likely person to fall in love with the churlish and ill-natured Thornton, whose "strong" qualities are not more amiable than are the dispositions of the other members of his class whom we have before mentioned. Mrs. Gaskell lingers much upon the personal gifts of her grand beauty. Margaret has glorious black hair, in which the pomegranate blossoms glow like a flame; she has exquisite full lips, pouted with the breath of wonder, or disdain, or resentment, as the case may be; she has beautiful rounded arms, hanging with a languid grace; she is altogether a splendid and princely personage; and when, in addition to all this, Margaret becomes an heiress, it is somewhat hard to see her delivered over to the impoverished Manchester man, who is as ready to devour her as ever was an ogre in a fairy tale. The sober-minded who are readers of novels will feel Mrs. Gaskell's desertion a serious blow. Shall all our love-stories be Squabbles after this? Shall we have nothing but encounters of arms between the knight and the lady—bitter personal altercations, and mutual defiance? It is a doleful prospect; and not one of these imperilled heroines has the good gift of an irate brother to exchange civilities with the love making monster. There is one consolation: Have we not in these favored realms a Peace Society? And where could these most respectable and influential brethren find a fairer field?

There is one feature of resemblance between Mrs. Gaskell's last work and Mr. Dickens' *Hard Times*. We are prepared in both for the discussion of an important social question; and in both, the story gradually slides off the public topic to pursue a course of its own. *North and South* has, of necessity, some good sketches of the "hands" and their homes, but it is Mr. Thornton's fierce and rugged course of true love to which the author is most anxious to direct our attention; and we have little time to think of Higgins or his trades-union, in presence of this intermitting, but always lively, warfare going on beside them. Mrs. Gaskell has made herself an important reputation. The popular mind seems to have accepted *Mary Barton* as a true and worthy picture of the class it aims to represent; and *Ruth*, though a great blunder in art, does not seem to have lessened the estimation in which her audience hold her. *Ruth* is the story of a young girl betrayed and fallen while little more than a child—innocent in heart, but with her life shipwrecked at its very earliest outset; and *Ruth* is the sole heroine and subject of the book.

The vain attempts of her friends to conceal the irrecoverable downfall of this poor child—the discovery that comes after many years—her humility and devotion and death—are, of course, the only circumstances in which the author can place her unfortunate heroine; the mistake lies in choosing such a heroine at all. Every pure feminine mind, we suppose, holds the faith of Desdemona—"I do not believe there is any such woman;" and the strong revulsion of dismay and horror with which they find themselves compelled to admit, in some individual case, that their rule is not infallible, produces at once the intense resentment with which every other woman regards the one who has stained her name and fame; and that pitying, wondering fascination which so often seems to impel female writers to dwell upon these wretched stories, by way of finding out what strange chain of causes there was, and what excuse there might be.

We will only instance one other young writer touched by the spirit of Jane Eyre, the author of the *Head of the Family*; but the long and most tantalizing courtship of Ninian Graeme, the hero of this book, with its "many a slip between the cup and the lip," is redeemed by the fact that it is the lover here who is humble, patient, and devoted, and not the lady. There is a great deal of talent in this lady's works, and a great deal of love. Alas! for this hard world, with all its rubs and pinches! how soon it teaches us the secret of harder struggles than those of love-making. In the last work of this writer, *Agatha's Husband*, we have plenty of quarrelling; but these are legitimate quarrels between married people, lawful sport with which we have no right to interfere, and which the author describes with genuine relish, and with no small truth.

We suppose it is a natural consequence of the immense increase of novels that the old material should begin to fail. It is hard to be original in either plot or character when there are such myriads of "examples" treading in the same path as yourself, and prior to you; and many a shift is the unfortunate fictionist compelled to, if he would put some novelty into his novel. We have before us at this moment two different books, which we are constrained to class together as novels of disease. *The House of Raby* is a tale of a family afflicted with insanity. We have first some legendary information about a "wicked earl," whose madness is furious and vicious, but scarcely known as madness to the world. Then comes his son, an amiable and worthy gentleman, who falls in love, and is refused by a virtuous Margaret Hastings, who is deeply attached to him, but thinks it a sin that he should marry. In this view the gentleman coincides for a while; but ultimately gets rid of his conscientious

scruples, and marries his cousin. Then comes a second generation, the twin sons of this couple, of whom one inherits the family malady in periodical fits, but in his sane intervals shows the greatest genius, takes an important place in society, and has no weakness about him. This is the hero; and he falls in love with a second Margaret Hastings, the niece of the former one, whom, however, more self-denying than his father, he never wishes to marry, but is content to have a very fervid and loving friendship with. Margaret is a clergyman's daughter, and, being left with no great provision, accepts an appointment as housekeeper at Carleton Castle, the ancestral house of the family, where she has always been a friend and favorite, and lives there, taking care of her lover in his dark hours, and enjoying his society when he is in his proper mind,—all with the fullest sanction of his elder brother the earl, and Margaret's friend the countess; and so the story ends. With less incident, and also with less interest, Miss Jewsbury follows in the train of the anonymous author of *The House of Raby*. The hereditary malady is the most shadowy possibility in the world in the family of *Constance Herbert*; but her mother, in whose blood there is no such disease by descent, becomes suddenly mad, and settles into a hopeless idiot. Constance, too, has an Aunt Margaret—Aunt Margaret's are fashionable in novels—and when she is in all the joyful excitement produced by her young lover's first declaration, she is carried away for the first time to see her mother, and is told how the case stands with her, and how she is bound not to marry, lest she should transmit to others this dreadful inheritance. Such is the argument of these books; and they form one of the many modern instances of super-refinement and improvement upon the infallible laws of nature and revelation. That there could be anything which possibly might make up to the unfortunate supposed children—for whose sake Arundel Raby will not marry Margaret, nor Constance Philip—for the great calamity of being born, our authors do not seem to suppose; but Miss Jewsbury's heroine, when she feels herself very miserable, takes refuge in abusing Providence and God for her dreadful privations, and for the cruel injustice of creating her under such circumstances. Indeed, Miss Jewsbury's opinion seems to be, that the only business which God has to do with at all is to make His creatures happy, and prevent those discourteous ills and misfortunes from laying hands upon them; and when grief does come, the unfortunate afflicted person has full permission to upraid the great Author of his misery, who ought to have paid attention to it, and taken means to stay the evil; nay, is quite justified in refusing altogether to believe in the existence of the careless Deity, who will

not exert himself to keep troubles away. This, indeed, seems a very fashionable doctrine in these days, when we have all become so very much kinder and more charitable than the God who preserves the life in these ungrateful hearts. Now, we cannot help thinking it a great error to make any affliction, like that of hereditary insanity, the main subject of a story. It is permissible as a secondary theme; but a thing out of which no satisfactory result (according to our carnal and mundane ideas of happiness) can come—is not a fit central point for fiction. The position of the lady housekeeper and her lover patient, alternately a madman and a genius, is in the highest degree uncomfortable, and we cannot reconcile ourselves to it in any shape; and we have seen few books so perfectly unsatisfactory as *Constance Herbert*. The anonymous author has the advantage of Miss Jewsbury—there is always interest, at least, in the *House of Raby*.

There is one other class of books, written "on principle," and in which some very pleasant results have been attained—books which we will not call "religious," but rather "Church" novels. The *Heir of Redclyffe* and *Heartsease* are important individuals in this family. There is no accounting for the wonderful rise of the "bubble reputation" in many instances; but though we cannot admit that these books deserve all the applause they have got, they are still very good books, and worthy of a high place. The best thing in the *Heir of Redclyffe*, to our judgment—though not the pleasantest—is the wonderful impersonation of a "prig" in Philip Morville. This intolerable coxcomb, solemn and faultless, does—with the best intentions—the villain's work in the book; and we have no patience with the cruel murder of the good young Guy, to make room for this disagreeable cousin. *Heartsease*, too, is very clever and lively, and has a great deal of character in it. And there are other unobtrusive books of the class, which, putting aside their High-Churchisms, and all the little martyrdoms their heroines suffer in the cause of district-visiting and Dorcas societies, have much shrewd appreciation of common life, and a quiet eye for a piece of oddity. Such books as *Katherine Ashton*, in spite of their occasional tedium, are by no means bad fare for the young ladies of the party they represent; and any little bit of fanciful harm that may be in their mild Puseyism is more than counterbalanced, in our opinion, by a great deal of substantial merit.

We cannot deny that, in this second rank of eminence, the magnitude and variety of the female professors of our art do somewhat pale the glory of our literary craftsmen of the nobler sex, though it is true that the Broad Church, in the stalwart person of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, is rather more than a match

even for the *Heir of Redclyffe*, the most notable of the High Church novelists. Yet Mr. Kingsley himself will scarcely hold his own by the side of some of the lady-writers whom we have already mentioned. We do not intend to discuss the merits, as a novelist, of this stout and boisterous champion of popular rights, and of the unspeakable latitudes of doctrine to which a man may reach, while still he sits under the shadow of the Prayerbook and the Thirty-nine Articles, as under his own vine and his own fig-tree. Mr. Kingsley is a speculatist, and not a born story-teller, and we leave him for the present.

Nor are we sure that we are quite justified in placing the name of an American in the foremost rank of our own secondary eminences. If "the American language" has gained a certain right, by its own peculiar elegances, to be distinguished from the mother tongue, American novels are still more individually characteristic. Our good neighbors and cousins are too smart not to exhaust rapidly all the ordinary "sensations" of every-day existence. Adventure with them is exhausted in the humorous slang stories of the backwoods; they have little history to fall back upon; their art is still either elementary or borrowed; and their fashion—alas the day!—is a wonderful development of what human foolishness may come to if it is but sufficiently pertinacious. In these circumstances, it is not wonderful that a morbid investigation into great secret passions and crimes—that a tinted and half-perceptible horror—and that the new science which is called "anatomy of character," should be in great request among them. For ourselves, we have small admiration of the spiritual dissecting-knife, however skilfully handled, and very little tolerance for the "study of character," which has been quite a fashionable pursuit for some time past. We would prefer, for our own individual choice, to be "taken to pieces" in a neighborly way, and with legitimate gossip of all our antecedents and circumstances, than to have a small committee "sit upon" our character and idiosyncrasies in every intellectual family with which we had the misfortune to be upon visiting terms. The books of Mr. Hawthorne are singular books: they introduce to us not only an individual mind, but a peculiar audience; they are not stories into which you enter and sympathize, but dramas of extraordinary dumb show, before which, in darkness and breathless silence, you sit and look on, never sure for a moment that the dimly-lighted stage before you is not to be visited by the dioramic thunders of an earthquake, falling houses, moaning victims, dismay and horror and gloom. Had the reputation of this gentleman been confined to his own country, it would have been out of our sphere of comment; but he has had great

popularity on this side of the Atlantic, where we understand he is now resident, and his books have perhaps excited the public curiosity almost as much as the books of Miss Brontë. *The Scarlet Letter* glows with the fire of a suppressed, secret, feverish excitement; it is not the glow of natural life, but the hectic of disease which burns upon the cheeks of its actors. The proud woman, the fantastic and elfish child, the weak and criminal genius, and the injured friend, the husband of Hester, are exhibited to us rather as a surgeon might exhibit his pet "cases," than as a poet shows his men and women, brothers and sisters to the universal heart. In this book the imagination of the writer has been taxed to supply a world and a society in accordance with the principal actors in his feverish drama. The whole sky and air are tropical; and instead of the gentle monotony of ordinary existence, its long, wearing, languid sorrows, its vulgar weariness and sleep, we have a perpetual strain of excitement—a fire that neither wanes nor lessens, but keeps at its original scorching heat for years. The landscape is parched and scathed; the breeze is a furnace-blast; the volcano is muttering and growling in the depths of the earth; there is an ominous stillness, like the pause before a great peal of thunder. Nor is the air once clear, nor the fever dissipated, till, with a sigh of relief, we escape from the unwholesome fascination of this romance, and find ourselves in a world which is not always tending towards some catastrophe—a world where tears and showers fall to refresh the soil, and where calamities do not come from the blind and mocking hands of fate, but mixed with blessings and charities from the very gates of heaven.

The House of Seven Gables is not less remarkable nor less unwholesome than its predecessor. The affectation of extreme homeliness and commonplace in the external circumstances, and the mystery and secret of the family with which these circumstances are interwoven, is very effective in its way; and if it were not that its horrors and its wonders are protracted into tedious long-windedness, we would be disposed to admire the power with which these figures were posed and these situations made. But we are never contented with manufactured stories. If they do not grow with a sweet progression of nature, they may please our eye, or flatter, with a sense of superiority to the multitude, our critical faculties; but we cannot take such productions into our heart. Hephzibah Pyncheon is, perhaps, the most touching picture Mr. Hawthorne has made, and her first attempt at shopkeeping, with all its little humiliations and trials, is a pitiful picture, true enough to reach the heart. We can understand how the poor old gentleman cries over the scattered sweetmeats which roll over the floor when she lets them

fall. We can comprehend her nervousness, her pride, her self-humiliation. There is a spark of human kindness in her, as there is a touch of delicate art in the canker-eaten roses in the old desolate garden; and her devotion to her brother, uncouth and awkward as its demonstrations are, has something pathetic in it. The brother himself is one of those peculiar individuals who owe their existence to the spiritual anatomist whose business it is to "study" his neighbors. Clifford's perfect selfishness is only an intense development of love for the beautiful, says his biographer. Hephzibah's shy and awkward tenderness disgusts and irritates rather than delights him, because it is his natural instinct to seek beauty, and there is nothing lovely in the withered ancient lady, in spite of the deep love at her heart. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Hawthorne calls this "poetic," this heartlessness of his hero, and certainly endeavors to elevate it into something higher than the common hard selfishness which we are accustomed to, both in the world and in novels. Whatever it may be in America, we should be greatly disappointed to find the poetic temperament resolved into this vulgar sensualism in our own more sober world. A nice eye for external beauty, and a heart closed to all perception of the beauty of other hearts, may make a voluptuary, but will never, with any amount of talent added thereto, make a poet. The character is fit enough for Harold Skimpole, and comes in admirably to make up that capital sham: but we entirely reject and disbelieve it in any personage of more serious pretensions. It has just originality enough to strike a casual observer, or a rapid reader, as "something new;" but we know of nothing more repellant or obnoxious to common humanity, than a man who rejects, and is disgusted by, honest affections and tenderness of which he is entirely unworthy, because, forsooth, they are not lovely in their outward manifestations, and he has an "eye for beauty," and a fastidious taste, which cannot endure anything that is not attractive to the eye.

In the death-scene of Judge Pyncheon, we are wearied and worried out of all the horror and impressiveness which might have been in it, had its author only known when to stop. Perhaps there is scarcely such another piece of over-description in the language. The situation is fairly worn to pieces. Throughout the book this is the leading error. Everything is dwelt upon with a tedious minuteness. The motion is slow and heavy. The storyteller holds our buttons and pours out his sentences all in the same cadence. We feel ourselves compelled to submit and listen to the long story. But even the power and fascination it undoubtedly possesses, does not impel us to forgive the author for this interminable

strain upon our patience. Like the wedding guest in the *Ancient Mariner*, we sit reluctantly to hear it out; and when it is done, and no adequate reward is forthcoming of either wisdom or pleasure, we are injured and indignant, and do not understand why we have been detained so long to so little purpose. For it is no particular gratification to us to know how Mr. Hawthorne studies his subjects—how he sets them in different lights, like a child with a new toy, and gets new glimpses of their character and capabilities—we want the result, and not the process—the story completed, but not the photographs from which it is to be made.

In the *Blythedale Romance* we have still less of natural character, and more of a diseased and morbid conventional life. American patriots ought to have no quarrel with our saucy tourists and wandering notabilities, in comparison with the due and just quarrel they have with writers of their own. What extraordinary specimens of womankind are Zenobia and Priscilla, the heroines of this tale! What a meddling, curious, impertinent rogue, a psychological Paul Pry, is Miles Coverdale, the teller of the story! How thoroughly worn out and *blasé* must that young world be, which gets up excitements in its languid life, only by means of veiled ladies, mysterious clairvoyants, rapping spirits, or, in a milder fashion, by sherry-cobbler and something cocktails for the men, and lectures on the rights of women for the ladies. We enter this strange existence with a sort of wondering inquiry whether any *events* ever take place there, or if, instead, there is nothing to be done but for everybody to observe everybody else, and for all society to act on the universal impulse of getting up a tragedy somewhere, for the pleasure of looking at it; or if that may not be, of setting up supernatural intercourse one way or another, and warming up with occult and forbidden influences the cold and waveless tide of life. We do not believe in Zenobia drowning herself. It is a piece of sham entirely, and never impresses us with the slightest idea of reality. Nor are we moved with any single emotion throughout the entire course of the tale. There is nothing touching in the mystery of old Moodie; nothing attractive in the pale clairvoyant Priscilla—the victim, as we are led to suppose, of Mesmerism and its handsome diabolical professor. We are equally indifferent to the imperious and splendid Zenobia, and to the weak sketchy outline of Hollingsworth, whose "stern" features are washed in with the faintest water-colors, and who does not seem capable of anything but of making these two women fall in love with him. The sole thing that looks true, and seems to have blood in its veins, is Silas Foster, the farmer and manager of practical matters for the Uto-

pian community, which proposes to reform the world by making ploughmen of themselves. Could they have done it honestly, we cannot fancy any better plan for the visionary inhabitants of the farm and the romance of Blythedale. Honest work might do a great deal for these languid philosophers; and Mr. Hawthorne himself, we should suppose, could scarcely be in great condition for dissecting his neighbors and their "inner nature" after a day's ploughing or reaping; but mystery, Mesmerism, love, and jealousy, are too many for the placid angel of agriculture, and young America by no means makes a success in its experiment, either by reforming others or itself.

After all, we are not ethereal people. We are neither fairies nor angels. Even to make our conversation—and, still more, to make our life—we want more than thoughts and fancies—we want *things*. You may sneer at the commonplace necessity, yet it is one; and it is precisely your Zenobias and Hollingsworths, your middle-aged people, who have broken loose from family and kindred, and have no *events* in their life, who do all the mischief, and make all the sentimentalisms and false philosophies in the world. When we come to have no duties, except those we "owe to ourselves" or "to society," woe to us! Wise were the novelists of old, who ended their story with the youthful marriage, which left the hero and the heroine on the threshold of the maturer dangers of life, when fiction would not greatly aid them, but when the battleground, the real conflict, enemies not to be chased away, and sorrows unforgettable, remained. The trials of youth are safe ground; and so, to a considerable extent, are the trials of husbands and wives, when they struggle with the world, and not with each other; but the solitary maturer men and women, who have nothing happening to them, who are limited by no particular duties, and have not even the blessed necessity of working for their daily bread—these are the problem of the world; and the novelist had need not to be wary who tries to deal with it.

We believe no one will deny great talent to Mr. Hawthorne; and if he would but be brief, we would admit, with greater satisfaction, the power of his situations, and the effectiveness of his scenery. Though it is strange to us to contemplate the old Puritan exiles under their new circumstances, vexed with sumptuary laws and social economics—doing their best in their rigid yet lofty optimism to make a perfect commonwealth, and only making a strait and narrow society instead—yet we believe there is truth, as there is force, in the sketch of them given in the *Scarlet Letter*. We do not recollect to have seen any historical picture of the Pilgrim Fathers, by an

American hand, giving a very favorable view of these pioneers of the new empire, or showing anything of that affectionate prejudice which we ourselves are subject to in favor of our special ancestors. How is this? Is it the progress of enlightenment which puts an end to human partialities? Or is it the power of truth and candor in our clever cousins, which will not be deceived either by an appearance of goodness, or by a hereditary claim to their respect?

Mr. Hawthorne, we are afraid, is one of those writers who aim at an intellectual audience, and address themselves mainly to such. We are greatly of opinion that this is a mistake and a delusion, and that nothing good comes of it. The novelist's true audience is the common people—the people of ordinary comprehension and everyday sympathies, whatever their rank may be.

Our renewed acquaintance with war, and the universal interest we have in everything which illustrates to use the life of our gallant representatives in the field, will no doubt renew, to a considerable degree, the first freshness of approbation with which the public hailed the works of Mr. Lever. Though these brisk and lively narratives are considerably like each other, we do not desire to see a more animated and interesting story than *Charles O'Malley*—a book which bears a second reading; and they all show, more or less, its characteristic qualities. It is not Mr. Lever's forte, perhaps, to dive into the secret heart of things, or analyze his heroes and his heroines; but who can take a standing leap like the author of *Harry Lorrequer*? Who can witch the world with such noble horsemanship? He has the true spring of Irish humor and Irish shrewdness in him. Mickey Free is as merry and honest a rogue as ever happy fancy invented; and all the secondary bits of life and character in the home-country are admirable. We have a very undue propensity to underrate these stories of adventure; but we think it remains to be proved that our books of emotion and sentiment are really of a higher class, as they certainly are not of a healthier. It is good to be the favorite of youth—good to awake the eager interest, the laugh which rings from the heart; and now that the trumpet sounds in our ears once more, it is time to throw off our supercilious contempt for those manly feats of strength and daring which delight a boy. After life, life as it goes on in the world is sometimes quite as elevated, and occasionally a more important matter for our observation, than that life in the heart which we love so much to dwell upon and disclose. A campaign against the national enemy, agitating a thousand brave souls and widening its influence to embrace a thousand homes, and to touch every rank of

the community, is a greater thing than the campaign of a king or queen of hearts, even though it be a quite successful one, and result in a few blighted lives and long-winded miseries. There is no dulness in Mr. Lever's dashing, daring, rapid books. Of their kind they are capital—almost as exciting still as even these letters from the Grimea which we seize so eagerly. A strange change has passed upon the thoughts of this peace-loving nation. What piece of abstract literature, though its writer were laureated poet or throned philosopher, would not be put aside to-day for the simple letter of some poor private from the fated seat of war?

Something new! Happy people of Athens, who had it in their power to say or to hear every day some new thing! In our times we know no such felicity, and far and wide are our researches for the prized and precious novelty which it is so hard to lay hands upon. The "sensation" which it is the design of Mr. Wilkie Collins to raise in our monotonous bosom, is—horror. This novelist would be content to do for our sakes what the redoubtable *Firmilian* does for his own; and, to secure a shock for his readers, would not hesitate to place his hero in any frightful situation. *Antonina* is one of those formidable novels, which are so correct that there is neither error nor life left in them. We dare not impugn a fold of the faultless drapery. We feel perfectly convinced that the author has "authority" for every piece of marble in his landscape, and that the luckless eric would be drowned under a deluge of "examples" did he venture to question any bit of costume in the whole elaborate book. Mr. Collins, we do not doubt, has studied his age with the most conscientious diligence; but he certainly has not studied how to keep the marks of the chisel from this production, which works out its story with a laborious solemnity not pleasant to see. All the points of this tale are points of horror—the frightful feast in famine-stricken Rome, with its ghastly introduction of the old dead woman, who turns out to be the mother of one of the guests, and the still more frightful catastrophe of Goisvintha, are quite unequalled in their peculiar quality. Nor is *Basil*, the tale of modern life, for which its author is careful to inform us he has studied as diligently as he studied the antique, less remarkable in this respect. If the wretched disfigured Marmon, the villain of the story, does not haunt our slumbers, it is not Mr. Collins's fault; and as all this tale progresses artfully towards its concluding horrors, and is nothing without them, we conclude that the object of the author is simply to excite those feelings of abhorrence and loathing with which we are compelled to regard his catastrophe. Modern life, no doubt, like every other, has

great crimes, calamities, and miseries hidden in its bosom; but we are afraid that the man who judges by *Basil* of the ordinary existence either of our shopkeeping Sherwins, or of the aristocratic families who are plagued with such "young sons ordained their father's soul to cross," as the hero of this tale, will form a very inadequate opinion of the life which, even in London, is made up of everyday and small events, and is by no means a series of catastrophes.

We suppose a Scotsman's national pride ought to be gratified by *Christie Johnstone*; but Scotsmen, like other people, are apt to be perverse, and we are afraid we do not quite appreciate the compliment paid by a "Southron" who can only handle it imperfectly, to our native Doric. There is a certain sweet and subtle charm in a language which only those to the manner born can express or understand. The Scotch of Mr. Reade, and, in a less degree, the Scotch of Mr. Kingsley, is too Scotch to be genuine. We can fancy that the manuscript of *Moredun*, this wonderful treasure-trove which we hear so much of, may be extremely like the handwriting of Sir Walter, only "rather more so," as the Cockneys say; for the fictitious writer, of course, is bound to be characteristic in every turn of his pen, while upon our simple and genuine giant there lay no such compulsion. The Scotch of Sir Walter is vernacular—there is no effort in it; neither Cuddie Headrigg nor Jeanie Deans step a strawbreadth out of their way to secure a Scotticism; and some of the more delicate sketches among the collections of Mr. Galt depend on the idiom and construction of their language a great deal more than on their words for the effect they produce. In *Christie Johnstone* this principle is entirely reversed. The words are broadly, coarsely, elaborately Scotch, but the idiom and construction are purely English, and the bloom is gone from this uncouth dialect, which loses the fragrance of its own spirit without gaining the inspiration of the other. Mr. Reade has never observed so closely as Wordsworth did, nor found out what the language is which the poet refers to—"Such as grave livers do in Scotland use;" and one can almost suppose that the modern recipe for "making Scotch" is to cut off all the y's—to be careful always to write "awa" instead of away; and to pepper this prepared foundation with the most *outré* words which can be collected out of an ancient or modern glossary. We confess there are Scotsmen of the present day who profess this system as much as our English friends. Let anybody compare one of Burns's songs with some of the pretty verses of our modern Scottish ballad-makers, and they will immediately perceive the difference between the Scotch which is unconscious and natural, and the

constrained and elaborate manufacture of the same.

Christie Johnstone, nevertheless, is a clever book; and though we cannot see how the interests of art, or of the heroine, or of the public, are served by making the Newhaven fisherwoman an artist's wife in London, there is a great deal that is very good in the conception of Christie (alas! it ought to have been Kirsty, a harsher sound), who would have been much more fitly mated with some bold fisher lad, than with the poor aimless wishling, who has not courage either to have her or want her, and who, we are afraid, will give Christie a great deal of trouble yet, now that she has married him. We prefer *Peg Woffington*, however, to her Scottish sister. The artist has no difficulty here with his tools, and is at liberty to put all his strength upon his subject; and he has produced a very animated, bright, good picture—though here again, strangely enough, it is the women of the book who are worth anything. The hero is of the poorest class of heroes, more like the pet rascal of some misanthropical lady novelist than the production of a man.

We dare not venture to touch upon the voluminous glories of Mr. G. P. R. James, nor the horrors of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, nor those dreadful perfect little girls who come over from the other side of the Atlantic to do good to the Britishers, like the heroines of *Queechy* and the *Wide Wide World*; and there are a host of nameless novelists of our own country, all worthy commendation in their way, whom *Maga*, did she give all her space for the purpose, could scarcely enclose—so great a crowd are they—in her Temple of Fame. There are many who, deserting the dangerous paths of terror and mystery, are content to paint in good Dutch colors the quiet life and quiet homes which they see every day. There are not a few photographers who put down everything, attractive and repulsive alike, with a minute fidelity which is remarkable; and there is a very good flying squadron of merely pleasant story-tellers, who do us service unobtrusively, without a great deal of either thanks or reward. Of the Dutch painting we have many considerable professors. In a book lately published, *Matthew Paxton*, we find a very curious daguerreotype of a peculiar phase of manners; and there is excellent story-telling in Major Hamley's *Lady Lee*, with its three capital heroines; but this has graced the columns of *Maga* too recently to gain longer comment at our hands; for when could our modesty pause if we dwelt upon the novelists of *Maga*?

One would suppose that the mass of novel-readers must have greatly increased in these days; but no novel exercises such a universal fascination as fell to the lot of those wonder-

ful books which came to the eager public out of a mysterious cloud, when the author of *Waverley* was the Great Unknown. And to think of little imposing Miss Burney, and Burke sitting up all night with *Evelina*! Those were the days! Who would not have been the happy instrument of cheating Edmund Burke out of a night's rest?

Since writing the above, we have heard of an event which will give to some of its comments an air of harsh and untimely criticism. The author of *Jane Eyre*, the most distinguished female writer of her time, has ended her labors, and exchanged these fretting shows of things for the realities which last for ever. To associate bodily weakness or waning life with the name of this remarkable woman, did not occur to us; nor can we think of cancelling now what we have said; but we re-

peat again over her grave, the great admiration with which we have always regarded her wonderful powers. No one in her time has grasped with such extraordinary force the scenes and circumstances through which her story moved; no one has thrown as strong an individual life into place and locality. Her passionate and fearless nature, her wild, warm heart, are transfused into the magic world she has created—a world which no one can enter without yielding to the irresistible fascination of her personal influence. Perhaps no other writer of her time has impressed her mark so clearly on contemporary literature, or drawn so many followers into her own peculiar path; and she leaves no one behind worthy to take the pre-eminent and leading place of the author of *Jane Eyre*.

IODINE.

Iodine derives its name from *iodos*, a Greek word signifying violet-colored; but the transcendent beauty of the color of its vapor requires further elucidation than simply saying that it has a violet hue. If a little iodine be placed on a hot tile, it rises into a magnificent dense vapor, fit for the last scene of a theatrical representation. This remarkable substance was discovered by accident about forty years ago. At that period chemical philosophy was in great repute, owing principally to the brilliant discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy. So singular as substance as iodine was to Davy a source of infinite pleasure. He studied its nature and properties with the fondness and zeal of a child at a Puzzle-map. His great aim was to prove its compound nature: but in this he failed; and to this day it is believed to be one of the primitive elements of the world we live in. Iodine is found in almost every natural substance with which we are acquainted, although in very minute portions. The sea furnishes an inexhaustible supply of iodine; all the fish, the shells, the sponges, and weeds of the ocean, yield it in passing through the chemical sieve. Whatever be the food of sea-weeds, it is certain that iodine forms a portion of their daily banquet; and to these beautiful plants we turn when iodine is to be manufactured for commercial purposes. The weeds cast up by the boiling surf upon the desolate shores of the sea-islands, would at first sight appear among the most useless things in the world; but they are not; their mission is fulfilled; they have drawn the iodine from the briny wave, and are ready to yield it up for the benefit and happiness of man. The inhabitants of the Tyrol are subject to a very painful disease, called goitre or cretinism; for this malady iodine is a perfect cure. Go, and have your portrait painted as you are. Photography tells the whole truth without

flattery; and the colors used in the process are only silver and iodine.—*Septimus Piesse*.

[Having frequently copied commendations of the *Living Age*, the publishers desire to copy the only letter they have ever received of a contrary character—so as to show both sides. This may be considered as a “first-rate notice.”]

Toledo, April 24th, 1855.

MESSRS. LITTELL, SON & CO.:—

SIRS,—At the purchasing of a ticket of the *Cosmopolitan Drawings* I was persuaded to take your “*Living Age*.” I was then entirely ignorant of its merits or demerits, as I had never examined the work; since receiving it, however, I have examined it, and in candor I must say that it is the most barren and worthless journal I ever saw, without any exception. I can find nothing in it that is worth the time of reading.—A book publisher's catalogue would be interesting in comparison with it. This may not be a very flattering notice of your journal, but it is nevertheless, in my opinion, a true one. But as you value them quite highly, I would be glad to return them to you in exchange for any other magazine that you would be pleased to send me, for, in truth, I do not want your trashy journal, as they are not worth the perusal—certainly not the postage.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN J. MANOR

From The Economist.

The Physical Geography of the Sea. By M. F. MAURY, LL. D., Lieut. U. S. Navy. With Illustrative Charts and Diagrams.

It is now nearly two years since Lord Wrottesley brought the merits of Lieutenant Maury's improvements of navigation under the notice of the public, and, since we gave to the noble lord's exertions all the support in our power, Lieutenant Maury continues the useful labors we then noticed, and has much aggrandized his reputation. The present work, appropriately dedicated to the noble lord, has grown from the "Wind and Current Charts," or rather from the labors of Lieutenant Maury in collecting and arranging the information which his original plan has procured. Its object, as explained by himself, is "to give a philosophical account of the winds and currents of the sea, of the circulation of the atmosphere and ocean, of the temperature and depth of the sea, of the wonders that are hidden in its depths, and of the phenomena that display themselves at its surface. In short," he says, "I shall treat of the economy of the sea and its adaptations, of its salts—its waters, its climates, its inhabitants, and of whatever there may be of general interest in its commercial uses or industrial pursuits, for all such things pertain to its physical geography."

Of the great commercial and social utility of such inquiries, we need no other proof than the success which has attended Lieutenant Maury's former labors in shortening voyages, and contributing by his "Wind and Current Charts" to those remarkable runs by clipper ships between the extreme ends of the earth, which, noticed in all the journals, have lately excited the public admiration. The same facts, too, convince us that we have yet much to learn on the subject. The time, also, at which these inquiries were commenced and are continued are extremely favorable to prosecute them, if we may not say that the present circumstances of the mercantile marine beget a necessity for them. Public attention, here and abroad, has within the last few years been very much attracted to shipping. The number of passengers from place to place, including emigrants and those who travel for amusement or business, has been wonderfully augmented since steam power was applied to navigation. To a much greater extent than the number of actual voyagers, merchants, and crews of ships—for they have all dear friends and relations—are the public interested in safe and speedy navigation. The character and qualifications of seamen and shipmasters have become in consequence of great national interest, and Governments as well as individuals have bent their exertions to promote improvement in navigation and secure the safety of ships.

Latterly, too, in consequence of the abolition of antiquated regulations, trade as well as passenger traffic has extended with wonderful rapidity, and seems likely to go on rapidly extending. Competition is practically unlimited amongst seamen and ships, which, though sailing under particular flags and not fixed to any place, go wherever business calls them and serve any country. The American mercantile marine, to state

an instance or two of increase, has been quadrupled since 1820, while the population of the States has only been doubled. Between 1849 and 1854 inclusive, the tonnage employed in our home and foreign trade increased 20 per cent., and the seamen 13, while our population has not increased more than 7 per cent. We know that in like manner, if not in equal ratio, the shipping of France, Holland, Prussia, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, the Hanse Towns, etc., has all increased considerably. The marine of the world, therefore, has increased latterly very much, both in absolute numbers and relative importance, giving additional value to such researches as those of Lieutenant Maury. A great necessity, bringing with it all that is requisite to make it in harmony with society generally, has arisen for the improvement of navigation, and to this Lieutenant Maury, with a truly philosophic spirit, is directing his attention. He was met, too, by a kindred spirit in master mariners, whom some legislating *petit maitres* amongst ourselves, ignorant almost of the difference between salt water and fresh, not knowing the stem of a ship from her stern, have undertaken to examine, correct, regulate, and improve. In a little while after he suggested the scheme and invited the co-operation of shipmasters, he had more than a thousand navigators engaged day and night in all parts of the ocean in making and recording observations according to a uniform plan suggested by him, and in furthering his attempt to increase knowledge as to the winds and currents of the sea, and all that relates to its physical geography. The prospect of further improvement from this point expands into limitless space. So many observers of natural phenomena, under a necessity for their own safety to watch and note every change in winds and weather, were never before organized. The ships that move to and fro on the ocean were never before so numerous nor increasing so fast. They amount, perhaps, to more than a hundred thousand, and if only one-third of the shipmasters enter into this league, we shall soon have from 30,000 to 40,000 persons scattered over the ocean recording meteorological phenomena. That the real source of the conviction of the rotundity of the earth, and of all the knowledge which depends on it, is the spreading of mankind over the surface and the communication to all of the observations made at many points, is certain; and there is no longer the least doubt that the progress of knowledge is rapid in proportion to the number of persons interested in promoting it. Year by year the points of observation will be multiplied, and the rapidity with which the information has already been gathered and generalized is a sure guarantee of future progress. Lieutenant Maury wishes such a system extended to the land, but we see on it no class of persons compelled, like the ship-master, by the circumstances of his situation, to keep similar records, though many are interested in the phenomena; and the action of States, and even of Congress, without such a natural foundation and such natural causes of progress, is more likely to retard than promote success.

One "object of this little book is to show the present state, and from time to time the progress,

of this new and beautiful system of research," and we shall refer to one or two of the points elucidated. The origin, the course, the velocity, the limits of the Gulf Stream (one of the great arterial circulations of the oceans), its cause and its effects, are all much more carefully investigated and described than before, long as this trade current has been known. It is more properly, perhaps, called "a river in the ocean. In the several droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its sides and bottom are of cold water, its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is the Arctic Seas." "The flow is more rapid than that of the Mississippi or the Amazon. Its volume is more than a thousand times as great. For ever and ever it flows on, and is not lost in the ocean, of which it is a part." Its boundaries are so distinctly marked that they cannot be mistaken, and the head of a ship may be within the stream, and her stern in the colder water that forms its banks. For an apt illustration of this wonderful stream, Lieutenant Maury is indebted to the plan of warming and ventilating buildings by warm water conveyed in pipes, which is adopted in the Observatory at Washington:—

A CURIOUS ANALOGY.

We have (he says) in the warm waters which are confined in the Gulf of Mexico just such a heating apparatus for Great Britain, the North Atlantic, and Western Europe. The furnace in the torrid zone; the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea are the caldrons; the Gulf stream is the conducting pipe. From the Grand Banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the basement—the hot air chamber—in which this pipe is flared out, so as to present a large cooling surface. Here the circulation of the atmosphere is arranged by Nature, and it is such that the warmth thus conveyed into this warm air chamber of mid ocean is taken up by the genial west wind, and dispersed in the most benign manner throughout Great Britain and the West of Europe. * * * The quantity of heat discharged over the Atlantic from the waters of the Gulf Stream in a winter's day would be sufficient to raise the whole column of atmosphere that rests on France and the British Islands from freezing point to summer heat. Every west wind that blows crosses the stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper the northern winds of winter. It is the influence of this stream on climates that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes, while in the same latitude on this side the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice. * * In 1831, the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, was closed with ice as late as the month of June, yet whoever heard of the port of Liverpool, on the other side, though farther north, being closed with ice even in the depth of winter.

The Manchester spinner, perhaps, little thinks, while he is wisely prosecuting his schemes to supply with clothing the inhabitants of Mexico and Central America, of the furnace in the torrid zone and the caldrons in the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea, which impart mildness to his

winter, keeping the rivers flowing, and enabling him to spin through the whole year, while in the same latitude in Labrador every stream is fast bound for months in icy chains; and which keep his port of shipment accessible at all periods, as his labor is always prosecuted, while even New York, nearly 13 degrees nearer the equator, is in severe winter reached with difficulty. Nor does the Celt think of this furnace and caldrons as he profits by the rich grass and ameliorated soil and climate of his country to fatten the steers, on whose flesh the Liverpool mariner feeds as he conveys Manchester cloth to Mexico. Yet Lieutenant Maury makes it plain that the comparatively mild climates of Ireland and the West of England is due to the influence of the Gulf Stream put into perpetual and living motion by the furnace of the torrid zone. We cannot follow this beautiful investigation into further detail to show the regulating effects of the Gulf Stream on climates, on commerce, on the perpetual motion of the atmosphere, the Gulf Stream being amongst other things, as the sailors say, a weather breeder—the Lieutenant calls it the Storm King of the Atlantic—or to show the effects of the discovery of its bounds over the fate of the United States. It led to change a circuitous into a direct route between Europe and the States, carried the trade from Charleston and the South to the North and the Empire City, and now helps to determine the relative progress and the occupations of the different States of the great Federal Union. With just precision and great earnestness, as duly sensible of their value, Lieutenant Maury enters at length into a description of these effects, and the practical details illustrate the utility of his scientific researches. He has generalized all the information which successive voyages of numerous vessels across the Atlantic have supplied, and taught us more of this part of the ocean than we know of many well-inhabited parts of the earth.

The currents of the atmosphere are described with minuteness and precision, as well as the currents of the ocean, and much is added to the general knowledge of the aerial ocean from Lieutenant Maury's examination of meteorological records. He has collected many of the "tallies," or marks put on the air by what it carries with it, and so traces the south-east trade winds on the equator rising up there and passing into the northern hemisphere. The Sirocco, or African dust, when subjected to microscopic observation, turns out to be *infusoria*, whose *habitat* is South America. It is made evident by these tallies that there is a perpetual current of air flowing from South America to North Africa, and the volume which flows to the northward is about equal to the volume which flows to the southward, under the name of the north-east trade winds. There are a great number of other facts equally striking added. The relation between magnetism and the circulation of the atmosphere is examined, and some curious connections shown. Only a part, however, of the great subject of the physical geography of the ocean can yet be accurately known, but some circumstances—the currents, for example, which flow continually into the Mediterranean and Red Sea—

can be explained and their effects pointed out. So it is with the immense volume of warm water that continually flows from the Indian Ocean, as well as the currents of the Pacific and others. Lieutenant Maury, too, has some elaborate researches into the causes of the saltiness of sea water, and into the machinery by which, though great bodies of fresh water are continually running into it and carrying into it from the earth salts of all kinds, it remains everywhere and at all times—just as the blood of the human body, whatever we eat and drink, always exhibits similar component parts—nearly uniform in its characteristics. The effects of animal life with which the ocean teems, as some of these are seen in the coral islands of the Pacific, are closely investigated and beautifully described. Not, however, to prosecute the subject at greater length, we must end in remarking that we have not met for a long period with a book which is at once so minute and profound in research, and so plain, manly, and eloquent in expression. At almost every page there are proofs that Lieutenant Maury is as pious as he is learned. He sees the Almighty everywhere and in all things. He finds, like the comparative anatomists, one omniscient idea predominant. He continually supplies evidence of the analogy between the life of the earth and animal life, and in reference to the two “lobes of polar waters that stretch up from the south at the Indian Ocean,” he says:—

THE LIFE OF THE EARTH.

A rush of waters takes place from the poles toward the equator. The two lobes close, cut off the equatorial flow between them, and crowd the Indian Ocean with polar waters. They press out the overheated waters; hence the great equatorial flow encountered by Captain Grant.

Thus this opening between the cold-water lobes appears to hold to the chambers of the Indian Ocean, with their heated waters, the relations which the valves and the ventricles of the human heart hold to the circulation of the blood. The closing of these lobes at certain times prevents regurgitations of the warm waters, and compels them to pass through their appointed channels.

From this point of view, how many new beauties do not now begin to present themselves in the machinery of the ocean! its great heart not only beating time to the seasons, but palpitating also to the winds and the rains, to the clouds and the sunshine, to day and night. Few persons have ever taken the trouble to compute now much the fall of a single inch of rain over an extensive region in the sea, or how much the change even of two or three degrees of temperature over a few thousand square miles of its surface, tends to disturb its equilibrium, and consequently to cause an aqueous palpitating that is felt from the equator the poles. Let us illustrate by an example: The surface of the Atlantic Ocean covers an area of about twenty-five millions of square miles. Now, let us take one-fifth of this area, and suppose a fall of rain one inch deep to take place over it. This rain would weigh three hundred and sixty thousand millions of tons; and the salt which, as water, it held in solution

in the sea, and which, when that water was taken up as vapor, was left behind to disturb equilibrium, weighed sixteen millions more of tons, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a cargo each. It might fall in an hour, or it might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi River during the year were taken up in one mighty measure, and cast into the ocean at one effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than would the fall of rain supposed. Now this is for but one-fifth of the Atlantic, and the area of the Atlantic is about one-fifth of the sea-area of the world; and the estimated fall of rain was but one inch, whereas the average for the year is sixty inches, but we will assume it for the sea to be no more than thirty inches. In the aggregate, and on an average, then, such a disturbance in the equilibrium of the whole ocean as is here supposed occurs seven hundred and fifty times a year, or at the rate of once in twelve hours. Moreover, when it is recollected that these rains take place now here, now there; that the vapor of which they were formed was taken up at still other places, we shall be enabled to appreciate the better the force and the effect of these pulsations in the sea.

Between the hottest hour of the day and the coldest hour of the night there is frequently a change of four degrees in the temperature of the sea. Let us, therefore, to appreciate the throbbings of the sea-heart, which take place in consequence of the diurnal changes in its temperature, call in the sunshine, the cloud without rain, with day and night, and their heating and radiating processes. And to make the case as strong as to be true to Nature we may, let us again select one-fifth of the Atlantic Ocean for the scene of operation. The day over it is clear, and the sun pours down his rays with their greatest intensity, and raises the temperature two degrees. At night the clouds interpose and prevent radiation from this fifth, whereas the remaining four-fifths, which are supposed to have been screened by clouds, so as to cut off the heat from the sun during the day, are now looking up to the stars in a cloudless sky, and serve to lower the temperature of the surface waters, by radiation, two degrees. Here, then, is a difference of four degrees, which we will suppose extends only ten feet below the surface. The total and absolute change made in such a mass of sea water by altering its temperature four degrees is equivalent to a change in its volume of three hundred and ninety thousand millions of cubic feet.

Do not the clouds, night and day, now present themselves to us in a new light? They are cogs, and ratchets, and wheels in that grand and exquisite machinery which governs the sea, and which, amid all the jarrings of the elements, preserves in harmony the exquisite adaptations of the ocean.

This is but one passage of an American book which will make a sensation, not like that nor

equal to that made by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but a durable and an expanding impression in the general mind, and hereafter Lieutenant Maury will be numbered amongst the great scientific men of the age and the benefactors of mankind.

We have one word to say on parting. The book is an excellent specimen of workmanship: the paper is thin but firm; the print is clean, and the page, though full, is not crowded. The illustrative charts and diagrams might with advantage have been a little darker, and they would have been more distinct; in number they are twelve, they are complicated, and every one of them must have cost the compiler and the en-

graver a great deal of trouble. The book is large octavo, though thin, from the nature of the paper used, and contains 297 pages of letter-press. The selling price is 8s. 6d. It is, therefore, very cheap, but, as there is no printer's name attached to it, we cannot tell whether the merit of getting it up so well and so cheaply is due to American or English tradesmen. From its appearance we infer that it was printed in the States, though published and sold in England as the work of Messrs. Sampson Low and Son. By this some injustice is done. Either the American or English manufacturers and workmen are deprived of their fair meed of approbation.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ONE OR TWO HABITS OF YOUNG FRANCE.

THE Chinese, a people who may be said to have run the course of civilization and attained its limits, have long ago given up tobacco for a more rapid and destructive narcotization by opium. The French, and indeed the English, are following in the same path. The fragrance of Shiraz tambak, inhaled through rose-water; the gentle fumes of the tetune of Latakiah, imbibed through a long cherry-stick; mild Havanna, or more potent Orinoco, are alike disdained in England for pig-tail and Cavendish, in France for Strasbourg and Caporal, smoked in short cutty pipes, by which the little furnace where the tobacco burns is converted into an alembic, and the cherished smoke is distilled into oil, one drop of which, taken inwardly or applied to a fresh wound, is sufficient in most cases to destroy life!

No doubt that some get so accustomed to it that five drops would not kill them; but there are on record many cases, and one of a French grenadier, who perished from inadvertently swallowing one drop. Some people get accustomed to anything, as Mithridates would possibly have digested all Orfila; but the results must be horribly pernicious. One of the princes of Condé put some snuff into the wine of the poet Santucil: the poet drank it and died. Ramazzini relates a case of a girl who died in convulsions from merely having slept in a room where tobacco was ground down into snuff. Helwig narrates another case of two brothers who challenged one another to smoke the most. One fell asleep never to wake up again at his seventeenth, the other at his eighteenth pipe.

But, supposing life to be preserved by a confirmed smoker, it is at an expense that renders it no longer of any value. Stomach and brain are alike affected. Will, memory, spirit, passion, intelligence, activity, even personal dignity, are all sacrificed. All smokers are drinkers. They attempt to dissipate by alcohol the narcotisation of the tobacco.

In Paris, M. Auguste Luchet tells us,* such is

* Les Mœurs d'Aujourd'hui. Par Auguste Luchet. Le Tabac—Le Feu—Le Canot—Le Pourboire—La Blague—La Pose—Le Chantage—Le Loyer—Le Boutique—L'Exil.

the passion for smoking, that home and theatres are alike abandoned for the estaminet. On the 23rd of February, 1848, two men sat down to smoke in the *café* of the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, and they sat there all day in that happy state of unconsciousness that they never knew that a revolution had taken place.

Walk some fine winter's evening, into one of these estaminets—beer and tobacco palaces—and before you have advanced three steps you will find yourself seized with the most extraordinary sensation; you are involved in a dense cloud of smoke, the lungs repel the noxious air by provoking a sudden cough, but the brain is stupefied, and you have not even the power to fly; you must sit down, and after a short time become habituated to the pernicious, poisonous atmosphere. People go to *cafés-concerts* now, where what they get is bad and dear, and what they hear is a disgrace to art; but they go because they can smoke. Any theatre which would authorize Strasbourg or Caporal between the acts would make its fortune now-a-days. If you go on the Boulevards, your predecessor leaves a cloud behind him. It is difficult to get a breath of fresh air now-a-days. If you get into a steamer, your next neighbor puffs away like a chimney; and if you mount the top of an omnibus, the fast young gent who cultivates the friendship of the dissipated-looking driver, sits in front, his smoke poisoning the atmosphere, and the dust of his cigar blowing in your eyes.

Even in a garden, amidst camellias, hyacinths, and roses, the gent smokes—no perfume to him is equal to that of the *Nicotiana Tabacum*, resti ca or repanda. The wife in our times, if she wishes to enjoy the society of her husband, must tolerate smoking at home, if she does not smoke herself. The contagion of smoking is immediate. Exposed to an artillery of throats in combustion, one must either go out or smoke in self defence.

Napoleon I. snuffed, and tried once to smoke. The result was, a sick headache, a death-like prostration, all the usual symptoms of poisoning by tobacco. The sleep of the confirmed smoker is heavy, feculent, fuliginous; he is aroused with difficulty; a torpor, which it is impossible to shake off, binds all his faculties. A confirmed smoker becomes too idle to confront the daily

battle of life: he gives way before it, and sinks into poverty or imbecility.

Young Frenchmen of the rising generation not only smoke, they have also taken to boating—possibly from something they may have seen or heard of as performed on the Thames, or, still more likely, from an example set to them by some fast young Englishmen upon the Seine.—Other Frenchmen of a more thoughtful cast have also, as an inevitable result, begun to study, *sous le point de vue social et philosophique*, what effect the practice of *canotage*, as they call it, has upon the finances, the habits, the tastes, and language of the said rising generation.

The first canotier in Paris, according to M. Auguste Luchet, was a French student, who had a marked predilection for the sea, so much so, that all his other studies were neglected. His friends lost patience, and his father stopped his allowance; he would have starved but for his mother, who sent him a stock of cheese and preserves. "One day," relates M. Luchet, "there was a feast of cutlets—good things among students are always in common—the young mariner brought his cheese and his preserves in exchange for a chop, and he was made welcome. A poor girl, an orphan, who had fallen upon our hands, no one knew how, acted as help. She was sorrowful that day, and had been weeping. The porter had scolded her, and said she could no longer sleep on some old baskets that lay in the garret; and which had hitherto been her place of refuge. She had no place to go to, and she said so. She had always been a kind of sister to us all, loyally and without preference; misery exchanged for youth, and youth for misery. We sent her to borrow some dominoes, and played for who should provide her with a home. The embryo mariner lost; a smile beamed forth out of the tears of the little girl; she liked the mariner best of us all." It was thus that Paris had its first canotier and its first canotière, for the mariner had a boat on the Seine, which he called *Grand Sagamore*, and he took out his *petite* to have a row in it. Some archaeologists declared that the *Beelzebub* existed before the *Grand Sagamore*. We cannot decide the question. The student canotier is now a *capitaine-marchand*, and "la-petite" has a fine house near Honfleur, with a doorway fashioned out in the shape of a wherry, in commemoration of her early fortunes. The door is shown to strangers; and the story of her success in life is related to all who will stop and listen.

Since these primitive times *canotage* on the Seine has become the fashion, and has its especial club, the essentials for admission into which are to smoke Caporal and drink beer or vin d'Argenteuil. It is not necessary that the candidate should know how to swim. One summer's day a picture-dealer was fishing, in company with a well-known artist, at the Pont d'Asnières. A four-oared boat, with four ladies and a steersman, came rapidly down the river, ran against one of the arches, and was upset. The whole party was thrown into the river. The artist possessed that kind of temperament which does not allow itself to be easily disturbed. Yet upon this occasion he could not help exclaiming,

"Confound them, they made me lose a bite!" Then, taking out his line very composedly, "Are you going to help them?" he said. But the picture dealer was already undressed, and in a moment afterwards groping about in the water like a Newfoundland dog. The artist having the example thus set him, carefully deposited his paleot, hat, clothes, and boots, and then took to the water with the utmost gravity. The leader of the party had in the meantime reached the shore, where he was drying himself in the sun very unconcernedly. The two fishermen succeeded not only in bringing the rest of the crew, but also the ladies, and even a straw hat which was floating down with the stream, safe on shore. Of all these would-be mariners, only the leader knew how to swim, and he reserved his knowledge for his own special benefit. But he lost upon this occasion the affections of his canotière, and it served him right.

After poisoning the air which they breathe, the next accomplishment most cultivated by the Parisian canotiers is orchestral singing, worthy of St. Lazare, or La Roquette. A suitable costume is also a great point, and this is sometimes obtained by walking barefoot with a belt and hatchet, or promenading with a lantern in open daylight, as if about to go the rounds. The canotiers have also an argot of their own, in which they introduce a few English words, as "Stop!" "Hard astern!" generally in their wrong places.

The Parisians are celebrated, when they do anything, for having some great national object in view. The institution of *canotage* upon the Seine was in anticipation of Saint Nicholas becoming a seaport! Encouragement to naval construction was also another great object.—There are now, it is said, some five hundred boats on the Seine, and the Société des Regates Parisiennes holds out promises of doubling the number. The boats are variously designated, as canots, clippers, yoles (yawls), gigs, skiffs, wherries, and godilles. We use the orthography accepted by the society.

M. le Comte de Maussion has, in the "Livres des Cent-et-Un," defined the word "blague" as meaning "the art of presenting one self in a favorable light, of making oneself of value, and of doing that at the expense of men and things." At the expense of truth would have been more to the purpose. The word is derived from the name of the sack or bag of the pelican, and which was once much coveted for making bags for tobacco; but having been shamefully counterfeited by bladders of a more vulgar origin, the word *blague* became synonymous with humbug and imposture.

"Without blague," says M. de Maussion, "one is nobody. One may rigorously be a respectable man and a blagueur, but, as a general rule, be a blagueur at all events. The word, limited in its acceptance and application in former times, has, we are informed, in our own days been taken in its most comprehensive moral expression, and placed on the right hand of French civilization.

"Le Français, n'est pas précisément menteur," says M. Auguste Luchet, "Mais il est essentiellement blagueur,—le Parisien surtout." The

difference is this: one may be obliged to maintain a falsehood from feelings of pride or self-respect, but a blague can be given up without a scruple. "My dear father-in-law, you are only an old blagueur," said Robert Macaire to the Baron of Wormspire, and they embraced one another: M. Proudhon says the same thing to those who controvert him, and all parties laugh. La blague is more especially glorified in France because it is a pet child of revolutions, and of the égalité which is supposed to spring from them. "Sans égalité point de blague," says M. de Maussion. We do not blague to those whom we respect, but in times of a general and fraternal equality no one is respected; therefore is the blague a pet offspring of égalité. It is essentially a socialist and democratic word. Nobody now-a-days tells a falsehood—it is only a blague. A falsehood is a thing condemned and despised by all—it is a vice; la blague is not a vice—it is an intellectual exercise, an agreeable pastime between the ingenious who lead, and the ingenious who are led. A blagueur is a jovial impostor, a liar is a melancholy one.

Some people are blagueurs by profession; notoriously, commercial travellers, dentists, horse-dealers, managers of theatres, upholsterers, and others. Some are ambulating blagueurs: they call themselves collaborateurs of Alexander Dumas or Scribe, nephews of Victor Hugo, or sons of George Sand: they invent ancestors and inheritances with the same indifference that they give an age to their wine and a special fabrication to their cloth.

Of all blagueurs those to whom precedence is undoubtedly due are the political. What magnificent displays of virtue, what torrents of devotion, what promises of a wondrous future, were not poured forth at each successive revolution! What embracings, what cheers, what gigantic engagements for the future! There was the suppression of the army, the extinction of offices and privileges, the lowering of interest, the simplification of law, abolition of imprisonment for debt, gratuitous loans, abjuration of the treaties of 1815, reprisals of noreigners, the extermination of the maritime commerce of Great Britain by a company of national pirates at Hayre, the repayment of a milliard to emigrants, obligatory instruction, right to labor, fraternity of the poor with the rich, friendship of masters and valets, phalansterianism, Icarianism, Proudhomanism—all political blagues!

Science has its blagueurs as well as politics, oratory, and poetry. Such was the seal that said "Papa," the toad that had lived two hundred years in a stone, the beast seen in the moon by a telescope which had never existed, the inhabitants of the sun, so ably depicted by a recent visitor—a great literary blagueur. Still more is this the case in medicine. "I went the other day to see a friend," M. Auguste Luchet relates, "a man of honor and a loyal tradesman, who manufactures chemical products and furnishes pharmaceutical preparations to the homœopaths of all countries. He was gravely seated down before a number of pretty mahogany boxes, and a still greater number of vials, diversely and microscopically ticketed, one arni-

ca, the other belladonna, the other aconite; and I saw that he was pouring into each, from out of a large paper horn, a certain quantity of those globules of sweetstuff, called by confectioners *nonpareille blanche*. "Why, friend," I said, struck with admiration, "you put the same thing into all the different bottles?" "I know it," he answered; "the doctors know it also. We never do otherwise. The sick swallow them—faith does the rest." The honest and loyal tradesman no doubt treated M. Luchet to a blague—at least it is safest to suppose so—one more or less is nothing.

Then there are fashionable blagues, among which mesmerism takes a first rank. Imagine a person totally ignorant of pathology or therapeutics suddenly gifted with all the resources of the art of medicine merely from being mesmerized by a doctor, signaling disorders undetected by experience, and dictating modes of cure which extend the domains of science!

Granted that a table may be forced to move, or may be carried away by the magnetic current generated by a human chain—a very dubious thing—can anything be more absurd than to question that table, and to expect prophetic or inspired answers? Suppose if you will—and you must have the digestive powers of an ostrich to believe it—that you have the power to communicate to a table the fluid which belongs to you, and to make of it a new instrument, which shall manifest your thoughts. Well, agreed!—What can that table tell you that you did not know before? What other tastes, what fears, what hopes can it entertain but those passed from yourself by your own fluid? It is not it that speaks or writes, it is you! If it acted differently it would be like the Irish echo.

In 1846, a year of renown for good claret, a captain of cavalry was in garrison on the Gironde. He was an amiable, educated man, of good family, refined manners, and remarkably handsome. Among other houses which he frequented was that of a wealthy vine-grower, who had an only daughter, a very pretty and a very spoilt child, of about ten years of age, but who took wonderfully to the gallant captain, and was playfully called his little wife.

Suddenly an order came for the regiment to embark for Africa; the captain had to bid his little friend farewell. It is needless to say that he covered himself with glory; he returned to France a major, decorated with the legion of honor, but with an arm, which, broken by a ball, had been badly set, and had remained ever since perfectly immovable. The officer had in the interval of six or seven years' absence kept up a regular correspondence with his friends on the Gironde; the memory of the pretty child, who promised to be so fine a woman, had lost none of its charms by absence. On his return he hastened to see her; she had grown up more beautiful than he anticipated. He was dazzled! He proposed to reward his long-tried constancy by marriage, and the parents did not object. But it was otherwise with the young lady. At first she laughed at the captain's dead arm—a lame man is always so awkward—then she cried a little; and at last she took it in horror and aver-

sion. Asleep or awake she saw nothing but that terrible, ankylosed, motionless arm; it terrified her, and nothing could induce her to marry a man so afflicted. The captain, in despair, went to Paris to consult the professors of the art. They recommended him to have his useless limb cut off, and replaced by another of flesh-colored, vulcanized caoutchouc, with mother-of-pearl nails, of ravishing resemblance to reality, and which, fixed to the elbow joint, had established in it by the constant electricity emanating from the stamp, a magazine of motive power, which the caoutchouc entertained and renewed at certain times, thus ensuring a constant and lively movement to the factitious member. The young lady had no longer any objections to make, and the gallant soldier won his little wife. Needless to say, a mesmeric blague.

The Exhibition at Paris is about to open; let us warn our readers against what are pompously designated as *brevets d'invention*. The generality of manufactures so announced are the veriest blagues in existence. This is so well known and understood, that government, whilst it accepts the payment of a tax for the registration of a pretended discovery, and gives a privilege to the assumed discoverer, carefully repudiates all responsibility, and inscribes upon every so-called brevet d'invention, *sans garantie du gouvernement*, or sometimes simply, S. G. D. G.

A Parisian manufacturer or tradesman—bourgeois and national guard—if he has what his fellow-citizens designate in their high-flown language, *des conceptions hautes et le génie de son état*, never stops at anything. If he has a brevet d'invention, and it does not sell, he uses it for something else: so also with a medal or a *décoration*. Not a bottle, nor a box, nor a ticket, is used now-a-days in business but is embellished with a portrait, a name, and a brevet. Sometimes a foreign medal is superadded. "Here is something," says the customer, "which is better than a brevet S. G. D. G. These lozenges have won a medal at the Universal Exhibition of London." "The man I deal with," says another, "has had a prize for his matches." Confiding customer! The gentleman who deals now in *chocolat armorié* formerly manufactured lamps and closets, which had no sale because they were essentially bad: and the medals which were awarded to him in that time by the Academy of Industry, the Athénæum, the Society of Encouragement, and other blind and stupid juries, is now used by him to adorn his chocolat with all kinds of armorial devices. The use of a medal, even of the *croix d'honneur*, may be borrowed for the benefit of a speculative business in ink, blacking, or any other commodity. It suffices that a member of the firm is and old soldier, and is entitled to wear such a medal, or that the manufacturer can refer to a cousin, an uncle, or a father-in-law, who is *d'écoué* that he should also decorate his advertisements with the insignia of honor.

A trick well known in the United States is sometimes had recourse to in Paris. A man takes out a patent for some marvellous discovery which no one appreciates. He gets a friend to imitate it. To do this he even provides him with tools, models, and means. The counter-

feiter then goes about from shop praising his invention, and abusing the original. The patented individual is exasperated, and has the impostor brought before the courts of Law. There is a mock trial, newspaper reports, discussions as to the merits of the invention: it becomes known all over Paris, and the purpose is answered by the time that the discoverer has to pay the fine which his accomplice is mulcted in.

In Paris, it should be understood that every tradesman (*marchand*) is now a *fabricant*, and every shop (*boutique*) is a *magasin*: and as every individual represents his trade by himself, so his magazine signalizes his business. A Parisian keeps a *boulangeries*, but he is not a *boulangier*, or a *boucherie*, without being a *boucher*; a *botterie civile et militaire*, without being a *bottier*. These refined abstractions must be understood to get on courteously in Paris. The individual is a bourgeois, a national guard, or tout bonnement, monsieur—best known at the nearest estaminet; madame does the business, and hence probably the reason why there are no longer any bakers, butchers, or shoemakers in Paris.

The blague of a name is well known. How many Jean Maria Farinas in Cologne! The only Anisette de Bordeaux that was permitted at table was that of Marie Brizard and Roger; there is no Mary Brizard nor Roger now alive, but the anisette still exists. "Tromper en hiver les bouteilles un instant dans l'eau tiède, pour rendre à cette liqueur sensible sa cristalline limpide," is inscribed on the bottles. "Bonheur Français des beaux noms!" exclaims M. Auguste Luchet. Chronometers and mathematical instruments manufactured in Paris are inscribed with English names, and figure as the work of Johnson or Simpson, instead, of Chevallier or Porc Epic. "French manufacturers," M. Luchet says, "send over good and inferior articles to this country. The Englishman divides them into two lots, engraves London on the good, Paris on the bad!" That is certainly not fair. We see that a mad project is under discussion, to separate at the forthcoming Exposition the good from the bad. Who will visit the latter department? If such a division were possible, it would be as well to do away with the bad altogether.

A blague in high life has revealed itself in modern times to Paris stupefied! A gentleman arrives at the capital of the civilized world. (The idea entertained by every badaud, that Paris is the centre of the world, the point to which all roads are directed, the centre of all railway communications, a *port de mer*, the rendezvous of all that are wealthy, and the place from which no person absents himself in favor of Florence, Naples, Rome, Vienna, Constantinople, London, or any other city, if he can help it, peculiarly predisposes them to be taken in.) He comes from Africa or America, from St. Petersburg, or from Brives la Gaillarde, with an idea of his own. Naturally he wishes to make his fortune; that is the least he can do. The gentleman in question is an artist, great author of symphonies or harmonies, great player on the violin, or great poet; he has brought snuff-boxes from Russia, or violets from Toulouse to attest to his wonderful ability. He asks in return

praises from the Parisian press and a flattering reception from the fashionable world. Or it is some young gentleman that arrives, handsome, but without property; or some foreign general, with an old name of renown, which he is willing to give to a lady for a pecuniary equivalent. Speculator, artist, handsome young pretender, or ancient general, he must give an entertainment; without that there is no merit, no talent, no recommendations, no admissions. One fine morning he summons the *élite* of the capital, chief editors and assistant editors, critics, professors, men of science, and literary men—men who patronize, who weigh a man's brains, and measure his intellect. Well, they all go. There is a grand ball and a tall Suisse. There are spacious rooms, handsome furniture, rich drapery, capital carpets, pictures, bronzes, great dog, piano, books, and pipes. Dinner is sumptuously served up, linen with crest, plate with crest, knives with crest, and liveried attendants. The dinner is *recherché*, the wines are good, the host agreeable and hospitable. It is quite clear all is right. There is nothing of the hotel or the restaurant there. The host is a charming man; he must be taken up. It is all blague. Everything can be hired in Paris. Your plate, napkins, and knives can be marked just as readily as your servant and your carriage. You can hire, if you want them, titles, state service, a genealogy, a known friend *et une maîtresse classée, lion ou lionne*.

Another still more common imposture is that of medical specialties. You are unwell; there is in Paris a special doctor for every class of diseases. They owe their success to the common belief that one man can only do one thing well. There is always a new and important dis-

covery in vogue for the treatment of special disorders. You hasten to the point indicated by renown. There is a grand house with a great door, a row of carriages, the coachmen asleep on the boxes. You walk in and give your card. The ante-chamber is full of patients; you bow and take your place, laying in at the same time an unusual stock of patience. After the lapse of a short time, a servant, who appears to take a friendly interest in you, comes up and says he sees you are suffering; he will get you in before the others. A bell rings without: it is a patient dismissed; the sympathizing domestic whispers, "Follow!" And you are introduced into the presence of the great specialist.

The doctor is busy writing: he asks pardon, will give you his attention in a moment. This allows you time to see piles of silver on the mantel-piece, not one of which contains less than four five-franc pieces. You see at once what is expected from you. Well, the whole affair is a blague. The carriages at the door, the crowd in the ante-chamber, the money upon the mantel-piece! The coachmen are hired, the patients are hired, the piles of silver are borrowed!

Some persons of a serious turn of mind would call all this imposture, falsehood, fraud. It is only substituting other words for blague—mere play upon synonyms. "Is it not," asks our author, "disgraceful to both parties, that before one man enters upon a conversation of serious import with another, he should be obliged to say to him: 'Ah! ça, pas de blagues,' when perhaps fortune, honor, or life are concerned? Is it not an outrage, the acme of reciprocal humiliation? Is it not a whole epoch, a whole generation, a whole people disgraced by a word?"

THE BASIN OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

The basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough, separating the Old World from the New, and extending probably from pole to pole. This ocean furrow was probably scored into the solid crust of our planet by the Almighty hand; that there the waters which he called seas might be gathered together so as to let the dry land appear and fit the earth for the habitation of man. From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the Northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn off so as to expose to view this great sea-gash, which separates continents and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand, and imposing. The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us, at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, "a thousand fearful wrecks, with that fearful array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearl and inestimable stones, which, in the poet's eye, lie scattered in the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death."

The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is at the bottom of the sea, between Cape Race in Newfoundland and Cape Clear in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as the telegraphic plateau. A company is now engaged with the project of a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic. It is proposed to carry the wires along the plateau from the eastern shores of Newfoundland to the western shores of Ireland. The great circle distance between these two shore lines is 1,600 miles, and the sea along this route is probably nowhere more than 10,000 feet deep.—*Prof. Maury*.

AN IRISH AMERICAN.—A writer in the California Pioneer says that, on the plank road near Southwick's Pass, an inn or hostel is kept by a native American Irishman, whose sign exhibits the harp of Ireland encircling the shield of the United States, with the mottoes:

"Erin go Unum."

"E Pluribus Bragh."

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *L'Empire Chinois ; faisant suite à l'ouvrage intitulé "Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie et le Thibet."* Par M. Huc, Ancien Missionnaire Apostolique en Chine. Deuxième Edition. Paris : 1854.
2. *The Chinese Empire ; forming a Sequel to the Work entitled "Recollections of a Journey through Tartary and Thibet."* By M. Huc, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China. In 2 vols. London : 1855. [Reprinted by Messrs. Harper & Brothers : New York.]

M. HUC is already well known to this country by his entertaining travels in Thibet and Tartary. These volumes on China will in no way detract from his reputation. Though the subject is widely different — different as the vast solitudes and rude manners of the Nomads of the "Land of Grass," from the crowded cities and over-ripe refinement of the "Celestial Empire," — the writer is the same, and seems equally at his ease in both, like a true cosmopolite as he is. There is the same vivacity of feeling and graphic style; the same strong sense of the ludicrous, expressed in a very peculiar vein of humor; the same quick eye for salient points, whether of natural scenery or human character. If we do not often meet with set disquisitions, moral or political, — description and incident are interspersed with abundance of reflection, generally just, often original, sometimes profound. The whole style is imbued with a certain quiet felicity and elegance, which render this traveller's books among the most interesting we know. Nor is it possible to read them without a kindly feeling for the Author. The self-denial with which he devoted himself to the great objects of his life, and endured so long a voluntary exile from his country, entitle him to our unfeigned respect and sympathy. But, besides that, his perpetual good-humor and *bonhomie* — his constant cheerfulness, almost hilarity, in all circumstances — his sympathy with everything human — his disposition to look on the bright side of all events, make him a pleasant companion. We may note, too, with approbation, his freedom from prejudice — if we except of course *one* subject; and that is, where the honor and glory of his "Church" and her "Orders" are concerned. Of the achievements of the Romish missionaries in China, he forms an exalted estimate; and if his statements are correct, there must be a very large body of native Christians belonging to his communion in the Celestial Empire. But it must, perhaps, be added that, by a Protestant standard, many of them would be regarded as a very imperfect sort of converts; — a little too like those wholesale neophytes, made by the Japanese missionaries, who, in Southey's phrase,

might as well have been "baptized by a steam-engine," for any real knowledge which accompanied the rite. Many of the Chinese converts may be suspected of too strong a resemblance to those Buddhists between whom and the Romanists the good Lazarist, in his former work, ingenuously acknowledged so close an affinity. Yet it must be admitted that religious discussion in the present volumes is not often obtruded; nor is the statement of opinion accompanied with bitterness or any traces of animosity towards other and rival communions. Indeed, it is not so much *positively* as *negatively*, that the shade of prejudice to which we referred is manifested by M. Huc. His pardonable partiality for his own communion is simply evinced by an exaggerated tone in speaking of the Romish Church and its doings, not by invectives against heretics; as regards Protestants, his prejudice is shown by nearly ignoring them altogether. The labors of English and American missionaries — their noble, self-denying efforts, — even the frightful toil of him who gave his life to the compilation of the Chinese Dictionary, and the translation of the Scriptures into Chinese — find no mention here. The exclusive spirit of the Romish Church — its lofty oblivion of the claims of any and of every form of Christian philanthropy except its own — is as complete in the pages of this benevolent Lazarist as in those of the most narrow-minded of his order. But when the claims of the "Church" come in competition with those of "charity," it is rare that charity does not get the worst of it in any Church in Christendom; and not least in that which arrogates the title of the *only* one.

This oblivion, however, of everything respectable in Christianity except Romanism, is not unattended with advantage to us reviewers at the present moment, for it relieves us from the necessity of dwelling on the subject, or contesting opposite views. As the history of the Jesuits in China has often been more fully detailed to the world than in this amusing work, where it is only incidentally treated, we shall, though with as little malice as we trust our Author felt when so silent on the efforts of Protestantism, repay M. Huc in his own coin. We shall be as impenetrably unconscious, for the present, of the activity of the Propaganda, as he is of the activity of Protestantism. Nor, we imagine, will this be without some counterbalancing advantage to the worthy author; for, as we are writing to Protestants, it might be necessary, and it would not be impossible, to extract passages which would signally illustrate the somewhat lax system of Romish Propagandism, and leave no cause for wonder at the degree of resemblance which the Jesuit missionaries so readily recognized between Buddhism and Romanism.

We have said that the subject of *Religion*

forms a very scanty element in the present work. In justice to M. Huc, however, and lest readers should uncharitably surmise that he has forgotten the great objects of his life-long missionary labors amidst the lively matters which fill these volumes, it must be added, that he designs to submit the more professional and sacred details of his experience to a more befitting, though it may be a more restricted audience. "It is our purpose," says he, "to address readers of all opinions, and to make China known to all; not merely to preserve the memory of facts connected with our mission. These interesting particulars must be sought in the 'Annals of the Propagation of the Faith:'—those veritable bulletins of the Church Militant, in which are recorded the acts of apostles, the virtues of neophytes, and the struggles and sufferings of martyrs." (Vol. i. Pref. p. xxvii.) We think the partition judicious, and shall not complain of it. The present work will be more generally acceptable for the omissions. We profess that, in this case we like the play of Hamlet better with the part of Hamlet left out. The few who wish for the other information will know where to find it.

Meantime the present work is incomparably interesting as what it is, and *professes* to be—a picture of Chinese every-day life; a description, perhaps, more accurate than any other that has yet appeared, of what this strange nation is at home—that is, in the heart of the empire. Not that we have not had many accounts of China which have been the result of as much ingenious love of truth and patient observation, as M. Huc and his colleague could bring to bear on the task. But such *opportunities* for accurate observation have seldom or never been enjoyed by any other persons. As M. Huc truly observes, the generality of travellers have been, by the exclusive spirit of the Chinese, restricted for the most part to the few points at which they are permitted to come into contact with the empire; thus, though they may describe matters as they find them, the various phases of Chinese life are inadequately represented: and, what is worse, it is often no longer the genuine thing at all. It is in part *Europeanized*—in some respects better, in some worse—at all events altered. The Chinese character and manners cannot but be modified, at any of the five ports, by contact with foreigners. One must go into the interior to see Chinese manners in full bloom—in unadulterated purity!—There is doubtless much truth in all this; one might as well expect to know what all English life is, by spending our days at Portsmouth or Wapping, or, rather, what all Russian life is, by paying a visit to Odessa, as give an account of China by a stay at Macao or Canton, or by a visit of form to Peking. In the last case the visitor is studiously kept as much as possible in the dark,

and might as well make the journey in a hamper. M. Huc's remarks on this point are worth citing. He says: "The situation of travellers in China is not usually an enviable one. At their departure from Canton, they are imprisoned in closed boats; they are guarded carefully from sight all along the great canal; they are what we may call put under arrest immediately on their arrival at Peking; and, after two or three official receptions and interrogatories, they are hastily sent back again. . . . The history of the whole affair has been given by one of these travellers, with as much *naïveté* as precision. He says: 'They entered Peking like beggars, staid in it like prisoners, and were driven from it like thieves.'" (Pref. p. xxvi.)

It is the extensive opportunities of familiarly observing Chinese life behind the scenes that give to these volumes their chief value. Not only was the author, during his missionary life, a resident for more than ten years in various parts of China, but on his return from Thibet, having had the *good fortune* to incur the suspicions of the Chinese government, he was conveyed at a very leisurely pace through the very heart of some of the most populous provinces of the empire. Certainly a Christian missionary has seldom been so luxuriously persecuted; and if his tale be all true—and we cannot doubt the good faith and integrity of the writer—one would imagine that the happiest thing that could befall a missionary in China would be to come under the suspicions of the Chinese authorities. Both before trial and after acquittal (for we can see no difference), the progress of MM. Huc and Gabet is more like a perpetual ovation than that of prisoners proceeding to judgment, or even of unwelcome, though honorably acquitted, foreigners being civilly bowed out of the country. They were to travel as high government functionaries, surrounded by mandarins, and escorted by military all the way from the frontiers of Thibet to Canton; that is, as the reader will see, if he look at the map, through some of the most densely-peopled, fertile, busy, and civilized parts of the empire. All their expenses were to be defrayed, and that most liberally, from the imperial treasury; they were privileged to be lodged everywhere in pomp and splendor, at the "communal palaces," at which only the grandees of the empire and envoys of government are entitled to receive entertainment; and though at various points and in infinite ways, on their route, "Master Ting" and other knavish persons of their escort were willing to do a little business on their own account, *à la Chinoise*, by speculation in the commissariat and victualling department, by abridging their accommodations, by giving them inferior palanquins, by sending them to the hotel of the "Accomplished Wishes," or some other equally inferior hostelry with an equally lying name instead of leading

them straight to their imperial quarters in "communal palaces," yet MM. Huc and Gabet everywhere asserted their curious immunities as state prisoners, or as state proteges; and with such uniform success, that the Chinese authorities, under pressure of hints of reporting their delinquencies, were ignominiously put to flight by our ecclesiastical chevaliers. In brief, the missionaries, instead of being "all things to all men," seem to have made "all men all things to them," by sheer audacity and immobility, and power of face to back these qualities. The various encounters of this kind with governors of provinces and magistrates of towns, with mandarins of all the "balls," of all the colors, and the utter rout of the whole Chinese empire before the two missionaries, forms one of the most amusing features of the book. Sooth to tell, the narrative of the achievements here and there draws largely on our faith, and requires us to remember our author's parting citation, in the Preface, from the pages of Marco Polo: "And we will put down the things we have seen as seen, and the things we have heard as heard, in order that our book may be honest and true without any lie, and that every one that may read or hear this book may believe it; for all the things it contains are true." (Vol. i. Pref. p. xxviii.)

As an instance of the successful "vis inertia" offered by the missionaries, we may adduce the following brief passage from the account of the trial. MM. Huc and Gabet had been requested to kneel in token of respect to the head of the celestial empire. Nothing, it seems, could bring the refractory priests, supplied as priestly joints are generally considered, and practised as they are in genuflection, to this humiliating posture:—

A great door was then suddenly opened, and we beheld at a glance the numerous personages of this Chinese performance. Twelve stone steps led us to the vast inclosure where the judges were placed; on each side of the staircase was a line of executioners in red dresses; and when the accused passed tranquilly through their ranks, they all cried out with a loud voice, "Tremble! Tremble!" and rattled their instruments of torture. We were stopped at about the middle of the hall, and then eight officers of the court proclaimed in a chanting voice the customary formula:—"Accused! on your knees! on your knees!" The accused remained silent and motionless. The summons was repeated, but there was still no alteration in their attitude. The two officers with the Crystal Ball now thought themselves called on to come to our assistance, and pulled our arms to help us to kneel down. But a solemn look and some few emphatic words sufficed to make them let go their hold. They even judged it expedient to retire a little, and keep a respectful distance.

"Every empire," said we, addressing our judges, "has its own customs and manners.

When we appeared before the ambassador Ki Chan at Lha-sa, we remained standing, and Ki Chan considered that in doing so we were only acting with reasonable conformity to the customs of our country."

We waited for an answer from the president, but he remained dumb. . . . This somewhat burlesque behavior lasted long enough to enable us to study quite at our ease the curious society in which we found ourselves, and it was so amusing that we began to gossip together in French, though in a low voice, communicating to each other our little momentary impressions. Had this lasted much longer, it might have ended in upsetting our gravity; but, luckily, the president made up his mind to break his majestic silence. (Vol. i. pp. 49, 50, 51.)

Previous to the second appearance at their trial, the mandarins used every effort—coaxing, menacing, arguing, expostulating by turns—to bring the stubborn knees of our travellers to the proper degree of pliancy. But all in vain.

They brought a crowd of arguments to convince us that we ought to go down on our knees before him. In the first place, it was a prodigious honor for us to be admitted to his presence at all, since he might be considered as a sort of diminutive of the Son of Heaven. Then, to remain standing straight upright before him would be to offer him an insult; besides giving him a very bad idea of our education, it would irritate him,—would alter the good disposition he had towards us,—would draw down his anger upon us; and, moreover, they added, whether we liked it or not, we should find ourselves compelled to kneel: it would be impossible for us to resist the influence of his majestic presence.

We ourselves felt pretty sure of the contrary; and we declared to the prefect, that he might depend upon it that would not happen. (Vol. i. p. 70.)

And so it is throughout the book. The narrative of the perpetual battling between official chicanery and roguery, and the stolid resolution of the missionaries to have their own way, is not only very amusing, but we may add, is perpetually varied. Our missionary friends are very strategical, and encounter Chinese *finesse* by French *politesse* with signal skill. When the Chinese, under pretence of treating them better, would treat them worse than their privileges permit, the victims of course cannot think of giving so much trouble; or if the Chinese apologize for inferior equipments and accommodation, from haste to set them forward on the next stage, where they will be better treated, our missionaries straightway are in no hurry, can wait their leisure, and would like, of all things, to stay awhile and look about them. Everywhere they will have their own way, and not only adopt their own "western customs" when it suits them, but those of the Chinese too; and to the great

horror of the "celestial" folks, and in spite of perpetual remonstrances and objurcation, go flaring through the empire in the all but sacred finery of "yellow caps and red girdles!" In short, the triumph of these two intractable captives reminds us of the dialogue on the field of battle between the soldier and his comrade:—"Tom, I've taken a prisoner." "Bring him along with you, then." "He won't come." "Come without him then." "*He won't let me.*" Two French Lazarists, it seems passed in safety, by a bold assertion of their pretensions, through the Chinese empire, where at a thousand points they might have been put out of the way, (and none have been the wiser,) by a thousandth part of the wickedness which by nature and habit belongs to knavish Chinese officials, had these but had a few grains less timidity. "*Veni, vidi, vici,*" might be the motto of M. Huc or his comrade.

During their triumphal progress, they are amused to see their road cleared before them by the free application of the "rattan" over the head and shoulders of all who did not get out of the way, or who omitted to offer respectful salutes,—just as before some state functionary. The escort, M. Huc tells us, seemed to perform this part of their office quite *con amore*! It is but justice, however, to say, that exquisitely droll as it must have been to see two French missionaries making such a commotion in the world, they humanely deprecated this part of the "barbaric pomp" with which their escort sought to glorify them. But in vain; this portion of their "privileges" Master Ting and every one else was indisposed to curtail.

We have remarked that the chief value of this work is in its authentic account of Chinese manners, customs, and opinions. In the preface, M. Huc says that the first accounts of the Jesuit missionaries led to an exaggerated estimate of Chinese power and civilization. At subsequent periods, he thinks that the Chinese national pretensions were too much depreciated, in consequence of the descriptions of modern travellers—to whom, as being generally "laic," M. Remusat deems that an undue authority has been attached. Of the disadvantages under which such travellers for the most part wrote, we have already spoken; nor will any one wonder at them who reads the preceding citation from M. Huc's preface: or its context which we have no room to quote. At the same time, we must candidly confess that,—however accurate M. Huc's sketches may be considered,—if he supposes that the Chinese national character comes out more imposing in his panoramic representations than in those of other modern travellers, we apprehend he is greatly mistaken. For ourselves, we have never risen from the perusal of any book on China with such deep and

strong impressions to the disadvantage of the nation; of the rottenness of its institutions; of the universal chicanery, knavishness, and insincerity of all classes of the people; of the utter destitution of everything like earnest and sincere faith in *anything*; of the universal prevalence of social habits totally incompatible with the stability of a nation infected by them; and, in a word, of the presence of all those characteristics which infallibly mark an empire in the last stage of decrepitude and decline, and to surely prognosticate its approaching dissolution.

There are three characteristics of the Chinese nation which after reading almost any book on China at once strike the reflecting student. One is the comparative dissimilarity they present to any other nation. Among them we are less reminded of the characteristics of ordinary human communities than among even New Zealanders and Hottentots. If we look at savage nations, we still see amidst them the rude germs of what, by instruction from *without*, may be readily developed into the ordinary and normal forms of civilization. Among the Chinese, we see not only much that is *defective*, but more that is *abnormal*; and to complete the contrast, we find, in many respects, the *extremes* of civilization and barbarism side by side;—the most refined culture and the most artificial civilization in combination with astounding ignorance, prejudice and childishness. But even in points in which they are *not* barbarians, but highly cultivated and artificial, how dissimilar is what we find with what we see elsewhere! How contrasted with all else that is human! Whether we look at the more important characteristics—as for example, the language, so essentially unlike all that is found in the numberless other languages by which the human race has learned to communicate its thoughts,—or the jealous polity with which China has insulated itself from the rest of the world, and persisted in being a world of itself,—or whether we look at its more trivial characteristics as manifested in its farrago or exceedingly odd social customs,—we seem to see an example of a people who resolved to show how great might be the varieties of the human species without absolutely destroying the identity of the genus. Striking as are the various usages of mankind, nowhere are contrasts so startling or so numerous as here. Chinese customs are odd enough, taken alone; their *tout ensemble* is irresistible. As we think of the men's shaven heads and eye-brows, and long tails; of the women's little knobs to their lower extremities, which they miscall feet; of faces dyed yellow to increase their beauty; of white and yellow mourning; of the odd usages of their daily life, where the natural order, as we fondly call it, seems so strangely inverted,—where

the dinner commences with the dessert and ends with the joints,—where the wine is drunk scalding hot, the viands are snapped up with chopsticks, and each guest signifies that he is done by placing his chopsticks on the top of his head; of people who, according to M. Huc, think nothing of dying, but whose solitudes are entirely engrossed by inordinate cares about the funeral and the coffin;—when we think of these and a thousand other things, taken in conjunction with the mysterious language and the stupendous institutions, we hardly seem less struck than by any of the wonders that Marco Polo related of Cathay; his strangest fables hardly surpass these realities.

Another not less striking peculiarity of this singular nation, and another proof of extreme dissimilarity to the rest of the world, is the contrast it presents with other nations in point of progress, when the first steps of an *indefinite* improvement would seem to have been already secured.

The origin and history of Chinese civilization is a problem which has hitherto baffled all historians and antiquaries. That it dates from a very remote period, there cannot be a doubt; that it was rapidly brought to the point at which it has been for ages, is highly probable; but when it had reached its present point, then, as has been often remarked, it remained stationary.

Possessed, in an elementary form, long before the Europeans were even in the infancy of civilization, of the greatest of all human discoveries, having the knowledge of the compass, of printing, and of the composition of gunpowder,—the three principal material agents of all the progress of the modern civilized world,—the Chinese never turned them to any adequate account. Their intricate compass never led on to navigation or commerce at all proportionable to the possession of such a precious instrument; their printing never led to a literature, whether of philosophy or science, at all worthy of so glorious an invention*; while their gunpowder was exclusively employed in fireworks! In like manner they were acquainted with the circulation of the blood ages before Harvey was born; and yet anatomy and medicine are nearly as well known to the rudest savages as to the Chinese. Having carried several species of arts and manufactures to a great pitch of refinement,—we need not remind the read-

er of their silks and their porcelain,—not only do these remain much as they have been for ages, but they have led on to no proportionate *general* progress in the arts of social life. We see the rudest and the most refined processes, the veriest barbarism and the highest refinement, side by side in their whole social condition.

The third characteristic—which is also partially illustrated by the second—is not less marked. It is the unexampled tenacity with which the Chinese mind retains the impressions once imprinted on it. It resembles its printing-blocks,—the characters stereotyped for ever. Thus forms are rigorously adhered to when their origin is lost, and institutions inflexibly maintained when their vitality is departed. It will be observed that we are not here speaking of the falsely imputed *political* immobility of the Empire. This, as M. Huc and other writers have shown, is a delusion. Few, if any nations, have suffered so many or such tremendous political revolutions; no history is marked by more rapid changes of dynasty. We are speaking simply of the tenacity of laws, customs, and manners, and all the forms of social life. This is so strong that changes of dynasty have not materially shaken it, and the conquerors themselves have generally been vanquished by it.

Of the gravity with which the “Rites,” (as they are called) are expounded, inculcated, enforced and performed, although, in many cases, a mere pantomime of etiquette; of the universal traditional reception of customs, the significance of which is as universally disregarded,—the reader will see perpetual amusing examples in the pages of M. Huc.—Of these we shall have occasion to cite a few. As we read, we seem to be gazing at the fossil remains of some pre-Adamite animals, very bulky and very ugly, whose solid parts have long since been converted into stone, and the intervals filled up with earth; or we may fancy ourselves looking at a stuffed bird of most fantastical shape and plumage, who presents a stately framework of skeleton and feathers, but whose interior is nothing but straw and rubbish. Some exquisitely ludicrous traits of this feature of the Chinese character will be found in the sequel of these remarks.

But before we proceed to our extracts, we must show the reader the disguise he must submit to if he would study Chinese character—at his ease, we were going to say—but at least (if he would really penetrate the recesses of Chinese jealousy), to advantage. When MM. Huc and Gabet first visited China, and wished to gain the *entrée* as Chinese, the following was the transformation which they consented should pass on their outer man; and truly not even Jesuits were ever more effectually disguised:—

* They have sometimes been also reproached with never having improved their block printing into printing by movable types, which would seem to be an easy step; but to this it may be said, that considering the nature of their language and their modes of printing, it may be doubted whether printing by movable types would have been attended with any advantage. It has also been asserted that the idea was not absolutely unknown to them.

The letter was written in 1840, and dated from a mission situated at a short distance from the Mei-ling Mountain.

Towards six o'clock they made my toilette à la *Chinoise*. They shaved my head, with the exception of the spot at the top, on which I have now been letting the hair grow these two years past; they then put me on a false head of hair, which they arranged in plaits; and I found myself in possession of a magnificent tail, that descended nearly to my knees. My complexion, not too fair before, as you know, was artificially improved by the addition of a yellowish tinge all over it; my eyebrows were cut off, in the fashion of the country; the long and thick moustaches, that I had been cultivating for some time, disguised the European cut of my nose; and, finally, Chinese robes completed my metamorphosis (Vol. ii. p. 406.)

We have said that, according to M. Huc (and many other modern travellers), the condition of this great empire is hollow;—that ceremony, etiquette, conventionality, insincerity,—“make believe,” in short,—constitute it, from foundation-stone to pinnacle. A specimen of this want of reality and truth may be found in the religious liberalism, otherwise “indifferentism,” which M. Huc represents as universally infecting all classes, and especially the more respectable and influential. When men meet, he tells us, whether disciples of Confucius, Lao-tze, or Buddha, they are far from suppressing their views, or politely waiving the subject, as sceptics generally do among us. Rather, there is an ostentatious avowal of opinion, with an equally ostentatious declaration that everybody else's opinion is equally good. After asking, in a complimentary way, to what “sublime form of religion” you belong, your querist, on receiving his answer, proceeds, after thus paying your religion a compliment in the dark, to pay it a compliment with his eyes open:—“All religions,” says he, “are good; religions are many; but reason is immutable;” of which last assertion the extraordinary condition of the Chinese intellect might well lead one to doubt. Conceive such a system consistently carried out; think of a Christian missionary, a Hindoo Fakir, a New Zealand idolater, and a zealous Buddhist, all exchanging compliments on the “sublimity” of their several systems of religion, and avowing the belief that they are all of them intrinsically of the same value, and entitled to equal veneration! The result must be at last a Pantheon like that in which declining Rome (with a similar “indifferentism” to that which now marks the Chinese) was willing to domicile all the gods and goddesses of all the nations. This spurious liberalism, which is but a ridiculous ape of charity, is a sure indication, wherever found, of the prevalence of scepticism and of the decay of all earnestness in the nation

which is characterized by it. To profess to believe that things contradictory are equally true, and doctrines directly opposite to each other in tendency, equally salutary, can be the achievement only of the philosophic mountebank. But let us hear M. Huc:—

The religious sentiment, says he, has vanished from the national mind; the rival doctrines have lost all authority, and their partisans, grown sceptical and impious, have fallen into the abyss of indifferentism, in which they have given each other the kiss of peace. Religious discussions have entirely ceased, and the whole Chinese nation has proclaimed this famous formula, with which everybody is satisfied, *San-kiao-y-kiao*, that is, “the three religions are but one.” Thus, all the Chinese are at the same time partisans of Confucius, Lao-tze, and Buddha, or rather, they are nothing at all; they reject all faith, all dogma, to live merely by their more or less depraved and corrupted instincts. The literary classes only have retained a certain taste for the classical books and moral precepts of Confucius, which every one explains according to his own fancy, invoking always the “*ly*,” or principle of rationalism, which has become the only one generally recognized.

But although they have thus made a *tabula rasa* of their religious creeds, the ancient denominations have remained, and the Chinese still like to make use of them; but they are now only the memorials of a feeling long since dead. Nothing more clearly indicates this desolating scepticism than a formula of politeness exchanged between unknown persons on their first meeting. It is customary to ask, to “what sublime religion” you belong. One, perhaps, will call himself a Confucian, another a Buddhist, a third a disciple of Lao-tze, a fourth a follower of Mohammed, of whom there are many in China; and then every one begins to pronounce a panegyric on the religion to which he does not belong, as politeness requires; after which, they all repeat in chorus, “*Pou-toun-kiao, tout-ly*,” “Religions are many; reason is one; we are all brothers.” This phrase is on the lips of every Chinese; and they bandy it from one to the other with the most exquisite urbanity. It is, indeed, a clear and concise expression of their feeling on religious questions. In their eyes, a worship is merely an affair of taste and fashion, to which no more importance is to be attached than to the color of your garments. (Vol. ii. pp. 198, 199.)

A stronger proof of the tenacity with which the Chinese mind retains forms, while the spirit which prompted them has evaporated, can hardly be found than the decorous persistence in the only *worship* which, in any intelligible sense, the Chinese seem to have,—that of the spirits of their ancestors.” It originated, no doubt, in ages of remote barbarism, and was then, probably, a symbol of a genuine though absurd superstition; and, whatever its origin, was certainly (as has been often remarked) in harmony with the fundamental principle of

the Chinese polity, which, like most Eastern and all Tartar polities, is mainly based on the analogy of the filial relation. The Emperor, like the Czar of Russia, is the "father of his dear children,"—the people. The enormous authority confided to each "pater familias," is the counterpart of similar, but more extensive arbitrary power, conferred on each magistrate, according to his rank and elevation in the social pyramid, at the apex of which sits perched the great "pater-familias" of all,—the imperial Saturn. But whatever be the origin or symbolical meaning of the rites performed in honor of dead ancestors, it appears, from M. Huc and other travellers, that, though absurd, troublesome, and expensive, they are just as zealously and universally performed as though they still had a recognized meaning. The sacrifices are as costly and as formally paid as ever, though it would seem that all belief in any religious significance of such rites has died out. Let us here, again, quote from the amusing pages of M. Huc:—

The sceptical Chinese are in general quite willing to dispense with the attendance of Bonzes or Tao-se at their funerals. Not having felt any need of religion during their lives, they argue, very logically, that they certainly do not want it after they are dead. The disciples of Confucius especially could hardly admit the necessity of offering prayers and sacrifices for the departed, when they profess to believe that man dies altogether, that the soul vanishes as well as the body, and falls into nothingness. . . . The Chinese are in the habit of offering viands, and sometimes splendid banquets, to their dead; and these are served before the coffin, as long as the body is kept in the family, and on the tomb after the burial.

What idea is really in the minds of the Chinese on the subject of this practice? Many people have thought and written that the souls of the departed are supposed to take pleasure in regaling themselves with the subtle and delicate parts,—the essences, as they might be called, of the dishes offered to them; but it seems to us that the Chinese are too intelligent to carry absurdity to such a point as this. The masses, no doubt, observe these practices quite mechanically, without ever thinking of the meaning of them: but for those who are in the habit of reflecting upon what they do, it is impossible to believe they can delude themselves so grossly.

How, for instance, could the Confucians, who believe the complete annihilation of both soul and body, suppose that the dead come back to eat? One day we asked a mandarin, a friend of ours, who had just offered a sumptuous repast at the tomb of a deceased colleague, whether, in his opinion, the dead stood in need of food?

"How could you possibly suppose I had such an idea?" he replied, with the utmost astonishment. "Could you really suppose me so stupid as that?"

But what, then, is the purpose of these mortuary repasts? "We intend to do honor to the

memory of our relations and friends; to show that they still live in our remembrance, and that we like to serve them as if they were yet with us. Who could be absurd enough to believe that the dead need to eat? Amongst the lower classes, indeed, many fables are current; but who does not know that rude, ignorant people are always credulous?" (Vol. ii. pp. 220, 221.)

As an illustration of a similar tenacity in the maintenance of absurd customs, we may cite the account of the following pantomime, which, it seems, is often enacted in the houses of those who are *in articulo mortis*. It is just what we should expect of savages in some island in the South Pacific, for savages, as has been well said, are always children; but that the farce should be gravely performed by the civilized, educated and sceptical Chinese can be taken only as a proof, not of their grave belief in the efficacy of any such absurdities, but of their ceremonious affection for any rites which can but plead antiquity. It would appear, according to the doctrine of Chinese psychology, that the flight of the soul from the body is quite a voluntary affair, and due entirely to the obstinacy of the said soul,—the fruit of pure *malice prepense*. While it is meditating this clandestine exit, the friends of the dying man can, it seems, by proper importunity, by flattering suaves, or, if these will not do, more potent menaces, induce it to remain and sign a new lease; they may by due caution even block up its passage, and secure it by going forth; nay, if it has eluded their vigilance and fairly cut off, they can raise the "hue and cry," surround it, all viewless as it is, hedge up its way, head it, and turn it back, like an obstinate pig, to its forsaken sty again! The following is M. Huc's description of this farce, which we should imagine it would be hard to parallel among any who, like the Chinese, have outgrown all faith in the very acts they are at the moment performing:—

Even in the last agony, says M. Huc, all hope is not yet lost; and there is a method of making the soul take up its abode again in the unfortunate body that is struggling with death. They try first the effect of persuasion, and endeavor by prayers and supplications to induce the soul to change its resolution. They run after it; they conjure it to come back; they describe in the most moving terms the lamentable state to which they will be reduced if this obstinate soul will not hear reason. They tell it that the happiness of the entire family depends upon it; they urge it, flatter it, overwhelm it with entreaties. "Come back, come back!" they cry. "What have we done, what have we done to you? What motive can you have for going away? Come back, we conjure you." And as no one knows very well which way the soul is gone, they run in all directions, and make a thousand

evolutions in the hope of meeting it, and softening it by their prayers and tears.

If these mild and insinuating methods do not succeed,—if the soul remains deaf, and persists coolly in going its own way, they adopt another course, and try and frighten it. They utter loud cries; they let off fireworks suddenly in every direction in which they imagine it might be making off; they stretch out their arms to bar its passage, and push with their hands to force it to return home and re-enter the body. Amongst those who set out on the chase after a refractory soul, there are always some more skilful than others, who manage to get upon its track. Then they summon the others to help them, calling out, "Here it is! here it is!" and immediately everybody runs that way. They then unite their forces; they concentrate their plan of operations; they weep, they groan, they lament; they let off squibs and crackers of all kinds; they make a frightful *charivari* round the poor soul, and hustle it about in all sorts of ways, so that if it does not give up at last, it must really be a most stubborn and ill-disposed spirit.

When they are setting out on this strange errand, they never fail to take lanterns with them, in order to light the soul on its way back, and take away any pretence it might make of not being able to find it. (Vol. ii. pp. 212, 213.)

One of the most striking traits of the educated Chinese mind is found in connection with the grotesque forms which even "Filial Affection"—that corner-stone on which their whole polity is supposed to be based,—can sometimes assume. In China, it appears, everything is capable of being reduced to rule and measure, etiquette and ceremony; even the manifestation of the affections is not beyond them; and an affectionate son may despatch to an affectionate mother whom he has not seen for four or five years, and who lives a thousand miles away, an epistle purely to express his ardent affection for her, overflowing with love,—which epistle, nevertheless, he not only has never written, but has never read! It may be composed by one of his *protégés*, duly versed in the most approved maxims of Confucius and other sages; skilled in the subtilties of Chinese rhetoric; who knows how to depict them in the most pictorial and vivid style of Chinese calligraphy, and finally to fold them up in the most delightful perfumed paper with elaborately ornamented margins. The missive conveys, no doubt, as sincere an expression of filial affection as if the sender had himself indited it. Thus, in China even affection is "regulated," and emotion may be expressed without the trouble of *feeling* it.—It is a great improvement on anything that can be found in these dull western nations.

Modern ingenuity does much in subjecting nature to art, and perhaps with a little pains might hit on devices which would still save us a world of trouble. Advertisements, setting forth the "miraculous efficacy" and "aston-

ishing cures" of quack medicines, or the qualifications for all sorts of places and offices might, perhaps, be advantageously stereotyped; letters of recommendation, of congratulation, or even, in some cases, of condolence (where the affection was not very urgent), and a good many other things might be reduced to forms like cards of invitation; but alas! inartificial as we are, we have nothing that would serve to curtail the labor of an absent son who sighs to send to his doting mother, a thousand miles away, the ardent expression of his love without his even knowing how it has been expressed; whose sighs and tears, and pathos and raptures may be all tenderly vented by deputy;—the sender merely affixing (still of course, with ardent and unalterable affection,) the address to the unknown contents! How the Chinese manage such matters, and compel the gushing affections of nature to run in the artificial channels of "regulation"-pathos and tenderness, will be seen from the following diverting narrative of M. Huc:—

The first year of our residence in China, a fact of which we were witnesses furnished us with the means of estimating the importance and value of a letter in this country. We were staying at the time with a literary man, a native of Pekin, who had left his family eight years before to take the office of schoolmaster in one of the towns of the south. Many conversations that we had had with this Chinese had led us to suppose that he was not quite of so cold and insensible a nature as most of his countrymen; his manners were kind, and he had the appearance of possessing more warmth of heart than is common here. One day we were on the point of sending off a messenger to Pekin, and we asked him whether he would not like to take the opportunity of sending something to his family or friends. After considering for a moment he said, "Oh, yes; I think I should write a letter to my old mother; I have heard nothing of her for four years, and she does not know where I am. Since there is such a good opportunity it would not be amiss if I were to write a few lines."

We thought his filial piety did not seem of a very fervent complexion; but we merely told him that he had better, in that case, write immediately, as the messenger was going off that evening. "Directly, directly," he replied; "you shall have the letter in a few minutes," and he called to one of his pupils, who was singing out his classical lesson in the next room,—probably some fine passage out of Confucius upon the love that children owe to their parents. The pupil presented himself with the proper air of demure modesty.

"Interrupt your lesson for a moment," said the master; "take your pencil, and write me a letter to my mother. But don't lose any time, for the courier is going directly. Here, take this sheet of paper,"—and the pupil accordingly took the paper, and set about writing to his master's mother.

The Chinese mostly write their letters upon

fancy paper, upon which are stamped, in red and blue, figures of birds, flowers, butterflies, and mythological personages. The Chinese character being always of a fine black, is not lost amidst these fantastic ornaments.

When the pupil had left the room with his sheet of ornamented paper, we asked the school-master whether this lad knew his mother. "Not in the least," he answered. "I don't think he knew whether she was living, or had already 'saluted the world.'"

"In that case, how can he write the letter? You did not even tell him what he was to say."

"Don't he know quite well what to say? For more than a year he has been studying literary composition, and he is acquainted with a number of elegant formulas. Do you think he does not know perfectly well how a son ought to write to his mother?"

We had nothing to reply to this; but we understood immediately the difference between filial piety, as it is felt and practised in China, and as it is so magnificently described and commented on in their books.

The pupil, obedient to his master's orders, lost no time. He returned soon afterwards with his letter in an elegant envelope, which he had even had the politeness to seal all ready, so that this admirable son did not even give himself the trouble to read the unctuous expressions of tenderness and respect that he had addressed to his mother. No doubt he had known them by heart a long while, and had himself taught them to the pupil. He wished, however, to write the address with his own hand, which appeared to us rather superfluous; for the letter would have done just as well for any other mother in the Celestial Empire as for the one to whom it was addressed, and any other would doubtless have felt as much satisfaction in the receipt of it. (Vol. ii. pp. 283, 284, 285.)

It must not be imagined that this is a solitary instance of Chinese emotional etiquette. You must go to a funeral if you would see their imitative powers in perfection, and with what transcendent skill they can "make believe." All the forms of emotion and all the most approved outward and visible signs of grief, they simulate so admirably that M. Huc assures us it is really a difficult matter to imagine that they are *not* mourning! We, the western nations, can do pretty well in the same line too. Our funeral ceremonies are abundantly insincere, as well as abundantly expensive; the trappings of woe are faultlessly lugubrious; if affection does not grieve, the undertaker and his mutes do! The official part of the funeral is indeed too often a melancholy farce, and the sable procession, with nodding plumes, and sympathetic horses in black suits, an ostentatious piece of ceremony. This "pomp of woe," however, is an official affair which the undertaker takes care shall be sufficiently costly. It is he who exhibits the *abandon* of grief and despair; the

sincere mourners whose hearts may be breaking in the mourning coach, do not know half of the mysteries of the sorrow exhibited around them, nor can emulate the professional solemnity of demeanor or enviable longitude of face. But all doings of this kind in Europe sink into insignificance when compared with the marvellous insincerity of a Chinese funeral. Take the following description of M. Huc:—

After the body has been placed in the coffin, the relatives and friends assemble, at certain appointed hours, to weep together, and express their sorrow. We have often been present at these funeral ceremonies, in which the Chinese display with marvellous facility their really astonishing talents for dissimulation. The men and women assemble in separate apartments, and, until the time comes at which it is settled they are to grieve, they smoke, drink tea, gossip, laugh,—all with such an air of careless enjoyment that you can hardly persuade yourself that they are really supposed to be a company of mourners. But when the ceremony is about to begin, the nearest relation informs the assembly that the time has come, and they go and place themselves in a circle round the coffin. On this signal the noisy conversation that has been going on suddenly ceases, the lamentations begin, and the faces but now so gay and good-humored, instantly assume the most doleful and lugubrious expression. The most pathetic speeches are addressed to the dead; every one speaks his own monologue on the subject, interrupted by groans and sobs, and, what is most extraordinary, inconceivable indeed, by tears,—yes, actually real true tears, and plenty of them.

One would suppose they were inconsolable in their grief—and yet they are nothing more than skilful actors—and all this sorrow and lamentation is only a display of histrionic talent. At a given signal the whole scene changes abruptly, the tears are dried up, the performers do not even stop to finish a sob or a groan, but they take their pipes, and lo! there are again these incomparable Chinese, laughing, gossiping, and drinking tea. Certainly no one could guess that, instead of drinking hot tea, they had but a moment before been shedding hot tears.

When the time comes for the women to range themselves round the coffin, the dramatic piece is, if possible, played with still greater perfection. The grief has such an appearance of sincerity, the sighs are so agonizing, the tears so abundant, the voice so broken by sobs, that actually, in spite of your certainty that the whole affair is a purely fictitious representation, you can hardly help being affected at it.

The Chinese do not fail to turn to account in many circumstances this astonishing talent for going distracted in cold blood, and pouring from their eyes a quantity of water, so-called tears, that comes from one knows not where. What is also very strange is, that, although they are all acquainted with these insinuating artifices, they are sometimes caught by them, and reciprocally cheated. It is, however, with strangers that they

obtain their most brilliant successes. Missionaries newly arrived in China, who have not yet had time to become acquainted with their wonderfully flexible natures, capable of taking by turns, and at will, the expression of the most opposite sentiments, imagine they have to do with people of the profoundest sensibility, the most impressive in the world; but they soon discover that the tears of the Chinese are no more to be relied on than their words, and are, for the most part, purely fictitious. Cordiality and sincerity are qualities rare indeed among the Chinese.

The rich inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, it is almost needless to say, make an exorbitant display at funerals. They invite as many relations and friends as they can, in order to muster an imposing procession, and the mourning dresses worn by the whole party are at the cost of the family of the deceased, who are also bound to provide them for several days together with splendid repasts. A great number of musicians are hired for the occasion, and also of *weepers*; for though most people in China are, as we have said, pretty well skilled in the art of shedding tears, there exist mourners by profession, who have carried it to still greater perfection, and are absolutely inimitable at sobs and groans. (Vol. ii. pp. 217-219.)

The Chinese, during the funeral procession, exhibit their care of the soul of the departed in a singular way. It is hard to say whether they or the demons they elude are the more astute. "They let fall, all along the road, sapecks and bank-notes, that the wind carries away in all directions; and, as the demons in China are by no means as cunning as the men, they are taken in by this device, and fall into the trap with charming simplicity, though the supposed bank-notes are, in fact, only bits of white paper. Whilst they are engaged in pursuing these deceitful appearances of riches, the soul of the defunct proceeds quietly and comfortably after its collin, without any danger of being stopped by the way."

The habits of opium-smoking, drinking, and gambling seem so widely diffused in China, that, taken in conjunction with its worn-out institutions, little room is left for wonder that the social fabric should be threatened with ruin. Many and sad are the details which M. Huc gives us of the prevalence of these vices, and they perhaps form a darker picture of Chinese manners than any which the narratives of previous travellers had imparted. Some of M. Huc's hideous details of their gambling excesses, he fears will be "almost incredible to his readers;" and, less they should be so to ours, we will omit them, merely remarking that our traveller tells us that, when a Chinese has lost everything else, he will sometimes stake his fingers; and one or another of these dainty gains is incontinently chopped off for the happy winner!

The account which M. Huc gives us of the literature of the Chinese is amusing; but we

have at least equally full and authentic accounts in other publications. The greater part of Chinese compositions would be utterly unacceptable to western taste. Some of their lighter literature, however, must be the product of an imagination as wild and grotesque as that which produced any of the Arabian or other oriental tales which Europe has naturalized. M. Huc tells us:—

The Greeks fixed the abode of their monsters and ephemeral creatures in the East, and the Chinese have returned the compliment, by placing theirs in the West, beyond the great seas. There dwell their Dog-men, their ears long enough to trail on the ground as they walk; there is the kingdom of women, and of the people with a hole right through them at the breast; the mandarins of which people, when they go out, merely pass a stick through this hole, and have themselves carried thus between two domestics. If the bearers are strong enough, they often string on several gentlemen at once. (Vol. ii. p. 396.)

Of the compositions of the celebrated Confucius, the samples given by our traveller are as little likely to add to his fame, as any of the others we have ever met with. Indeed, with the exception of some few ethical and practical maxims, on which his authority as a moral sage rest, it is hard to conceive what it is that has impressed the Chinese with so great reverence for his intellect. With all his unquestioned personal integrity and simplicity, he seems to have fully shared in the prejudices of his nation; to have been as doting an admirer of the mysticism of the "Sacred Books," and of the "Rites;" as a great slave to antiquity, precedents, and form, as any mandarin in the empire. Neither are his maxims, for the most part, characterized by any great depth or originality; and certainly (with very few exceptions), do not transcend the level attained by the generality of other moralists. They are good practical maxims, but do not indicate any very profound acquaintance with the more subtle springs of human action, or the more comprehensive mysteries of man's moral nature. As to his philosophical writings in general, if we may judge from the samples given by M. Huc and other travellers, they are either deeply infected by the mysticism which attaches to all the Chinese philosophers, (who in endeavoring to make the sacred writings of the *Yking** and similar oracles intelligible, seem

* This, says M. Huc, is a treatise on divination founded on the combination of sixty-four lines (some entire, others broken,) and called *Koua*, the discovery of which is attributed to Fouhi, the founder of Chinese civilization. Fouhi is said to have found these mysterious lines, which, he says, are capable of explaining all things, on the back of a tortoise. But what will explain the lines? Con-

to have been employed in manufacturing a meaning for what never had any,) or consist of little more than a string of pompous commonplaces and truisms expressed in the most tediously redundant forms. The following specimen, taken from several others in these volumes, seems to us constructed on the principle of the well-known composition, called the "House that Jack built," and is, perhaps, nearly as edifying:—

We must first know the goal towards which we are tending, or our definitive destination. This being known, we may afterwards maintain the calmness and tranquillity of our minds. The mind being calm and tranquil, we may afterwards enjoy that unalterable repose which nothing can trouble. Having then attained to the enjoyment of the unalterable repose which nothing can trouble, we may afterwards meditate and form our judgment on the essence of things; and, having formed our judgment on the essence of things, we may then attain to the desired perfection.

We wonder whether any one ever better understood the "goal" towards which he "tended," or more truly formed a judgment of "the essence of things," by any such philosophy. Again:—

The principles of action being thoroughly examined, the moral knowledge attains the highest degree of perfection; the moral knowledge having attained the highest degree of perfection, the intentions are rendered pure and sincere; the intentions being rendered pure and sincere, the soul is penetrated with probity and uprightness, and the mind is afterwards corrected and improved; the mind being corrected and improved, the family is afterwards better managed; the family being better managed, the kingdom is afterwards well governed; and the kingdom being well governed, the world enjoys harmony and peace.

But perhaps the reader may derive more light from the following:—

The beings of nature have causes and effects, human actions, principles, and consequences. To know causes and effects, principles, and consequences, is to approach very nearly to the rational method by which perfection is attained. (Vol. i. p. 117.)

It would be unjust to deny, however, that the writings of not only Confucius, but of other Chinese sages are rich in maxims of ordinary life and conduct, which, though not often very profound, are the fruit of just observation and great acuteness, and are often most happily and tersely expressed. Their *pro-*

verbs gave himself up most assiduously to the duties of commentator,—without success, as might be expected. According to M. Huc, no less than 1450 treatises on the same 'lines' attest the industry and absurdity of Chinese philosophy.

verbs, we should imagine, are equal to anything which can be found in the collections of the same sententious wisdom among the western nations. The maxims, too, are very happily embodied in metaphor,—the most attractive and impressive form which they can assume, because they then appeal to the imagination as well as the intellect. M. Huc has given a score or two from a little collection which he happened to meet with on one occasion, and which he says he read with much pleasure.—We do not wonder at it. Many of these maxims seem to us not inferior in nicety of observation or felicity of expression to the best of Rochefoucauld, or any other western writer of the same class. We justify these remarks by culling a few.

The wise man does not speak of all he does, but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

Attention to small things is the economy of virtue.

Raillery is the lightning of calumny.

Man may bend to virtue, but virtue cannot bend to man.

Repentance is the spring of virtue.

Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it.

He who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virtue, is a novice both in the one and the other.

Ceremony is the smoke of friendship.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

To cultivate virtue is the science of men; to renounce science is the virtue of women.*

The tongues of women increase by all that they take from their feet†.

When men are together, they listen to one another; but women and girls look at one another.

The tree overthrown by the wind had more branches than roots.

The dog in the kennel barks at his fleas, but the dog who is hunting does not feel them.‡

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.

The prison is shut night and day, yet it is always full; the temples are always open, and yet you find no one in them.

Towers are measured by their shadow, and great men by those who are envious of them.

What a pleasure it is to give! There would be no rich people if they were capable of feeling this.§

* Better suited to the meridian of Peking than London.

† Another specimen of Chinese gallantry. Yet if it be true, how strange that the Chinese gentleman should tolerate the little feet! How ought he to plead for their being permitted to reach their natural dimensions with all convenient speed!

‡ A capital maxim for hypochondriacal patients, and every form of luxurious indolence.

§ In the very manner of Pascal. Has M. Huc been pointing the maxim a little? The same question might be asked as to some others. The expression seems too good for the redundant gentlemen from whom we quoted a page or two back.

One forgives every thing to him who forgives himself nothing.

Who is the greatest liar? He who speaks most of himself.

One never needs one's wits so much as when one has to do with a fool.

Sir John Davis, in his work on China, has given similar specimens of the genius of the nation for this proverbial wisdom; we remember two of them which inculcate a wary conduct in suspicious circumstances, and seem to us expressed in very homely but felicitous metaphor. "Beware of adjusting your cap under a plum-tree, or tying your sandals in a garden of melons."

We cannot resist the temptation to amuse the reader with one more extract to enable him to gather some idea of the *military* character in China. We all know well enough that the "uniform" does not make the soldier, but it is generally enough to distinguish him. In China, it would seem, that unless he be duly ticketed and labelled as "Ping," a "soldier," there would (as M. Huc slyly surmises) be considerable doubt as to his profession.—He needs an authentication by placard before the looker-on would suspect anything martial in his composition. The device is as admirable as that of some juvenile artists, who, after making their first rude essays in delineating animals, considerably append beneath the monster, "This is a cow,"—"This is a lion." The whole account of the military review, of which the following extract is a part, we commend to the reader's attention. M. Huc is surprised to find certain neophytes of his, of whom he had never suspected any such thing, to be soldiers, and that they were about to present themselves at a Review.

You soldiers! we exclaimed, contemplating our two Christians from head to foot. We thought we must have misunderstood them, and that they had said "subjects of the Emperor;" but not at all,—they were really soldiers, and had been for a long time. For more than two years that we had known them we had never had the smallest suspicion of the fact, though this does little credit to our sagacity; for when there had been any reviews, exercises, or forced labor, they had been in the habit of going away, and leaving as their substitutes any persons they happened to meet with. Our catechist confessed to me, nevertheless, that he had never touched a gun in his life, and that he should be afraid to do so. He did not think he should have courage to fire off a cracker.

Being now sufficiently enlightened as to the true social position of these two functionaries of the Mission, we told them that, as they bore the title of soldiers, and received the pay, they must fulfil the duties at least on extraordinary occasions; that the threat of the rattan and the fine was an unequivocal proof of the will of the Emperor on the subject, and that, as Christians,

they were specially bound to set a good example of obedience and patriotism. It was then agreed that they should go where honor called, and on our side we determined to be present at a display which promised to be so magnificent.

The appointed day having come, our two veterans of the Imperial army took, at an early hour, a very solid breakfast, and emptied a large jug of hot wine to keep up their spirits. After this, they set about disguising themselves as soldiers. This did not take long. They had but to substitute for their little black caps a straw hat of a conical shape, with a tuft of red silk at the top, and to put on over their ordinary clothes a black tunic with a broad red border. This tunic had, before and behind, an escutcheon of white linen, upon which was drawn, very large, the character *ping*, meaning soldier. The precaution was by no means a useless one, for without such a ticket, one might easily have made a mistake. This little tailor, for instance, with his pallid face, feeble diminutive body, and tearful-looking eyes, always modestly cast down, had not such a decidedly martial aspect that there was no mistaking him; but now when you looked either at his breast or his back, there was the inscription, as plain as possible, "This is a soldier," and you knew what he was meant for. (Vol. i. pp. 398, 399.)

We must here stop; it has not been our purpose to give an analysis of the varied contents of the book, which touches more or less fully on nearly everything of interest in China. This would be impossible within the limits of a brief article. If our slender specimens shall induce the reader to peruse the work for himself, we can assure him that he will not regret it. Though we have several very instructive and popular works on China and the Chinese,—that of Sir John Davis, for instance, and the three volumes in the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, are both of them excellent compilations,—the volumes of M. Huc will be found not less instructive; in some respects, as the fruit of greater opportunities of observation, more authentic; and assuredly not inferior in entertainment.

Of the great revolution which broke out shortly after M. Huc quitted China, and which held the gaze of Europe in suspense till it was arrested by more terrible meteors nearer home, our author has said comparatively little. He has just touched on the subject in his "Preface." He tells us with proper caution, that it is by no means easy at present to determine its causes or its character; still less the course it will take, or the phases it may assume.—This, of course, everybody will agree with. He is evidently a little disposed, however, to depreciate the probable influence of Protestant missions in diffusing the ideas which contributed to produce it; and so far as any foreign influence may be supposed to have operated at all, is inclined to assign, as a more powerful cause, the gradual diffusion of European ideas

in the Chinese mind through the efforts of the ancient Jesuit missionaries and the books they left behind them. "The Chinese," he says, "have for a long time had at their command a precious collection of books of Christian doctrine, composed by the ancient missionaries, and which, even in a purely literary point of view, are much esteemed in the Empire. These books are diffused in great numbers throughout all the provinces; and it is more probable the Chinese innovators have drawn the ideas in question from these sources than from the Bibles prudently deposited by the Methodists on the sea-shore." (Vol. i. Preface, p. xvi.)

On this we shall merely remark, first, that we think it highly probable that the labors and books of the Jesuit missionaries had their influence in spreading European ideas, and formed a very appreciable item in the sum of causes which have been long slowly at work, and are now producing their effects. This may be admitted without in the smallest degree detracting from the influences also exerted by the Protestant missionaries. Secondly: that if "books" deposited by Jesuit missionaries in the hands of the Chinese may have wrought such signal effects, we cannot see why "Bibles," deposited in their hands, may not also have had similar results; since the Bible is at least as plain a book as the writing of any Jesuit with whom we have the pleasure of being acquainted. Thirdly: that if there be a country in the world in which books, whether "Jesuit manuals," or "Protestant Bibles," can be expected to produce effect, it is assuredly China, which has so profound a reverence for "books," that the whole social and political edifice may be said to depend on it; where education depends less on oral instruction than in any other community under heaven.* When we reflect on this, we do not wonder that the mere diffusion of the Scriptures should do more in China than anywhere else, even when uninforced by the living voice of the missionary; nor at the wise solicitude of our Protestant Missions to send it forth on its way. Fourthly: that the closing statement of M. Huc is unworthy of him; - the Protestant missionaries have not simply "deposited the Bible on the sea-shore," but have zealously availed themselves of every op-

portunity of coming into contact with the Chinese mind, and constantly sought to add oral instruction to the silent teaching of the Scriptures and other religious books.

But we will not dwell on this little pardonable ebullition of spleen. Our worthy author, in spite of his doubts about the revolution, admits its prodigious significance, and that it is an "immense step." He says, "The new Faith proclaimed by the insurrectional government, though vague and ill-defined, does nevertheless, it must be acknowledged, indicate great progress; it is an immense step in the path that leads to the truth." (Vol. i. Preface, p. xvi.)

In such a political and social condition as that in which M. Huc everywhere depicts the empire, we need not be surprised that the maintenance of the crazy fabric for a protracted period should have become impossible. If it could endure, when thus rotten, it would be in yet more wonderful contrast with all other institutions of man, than it is in virtue of any of its other singular characteristics.

Revolution has occurred, and the ultimate auguries are assuredly bright, whether its immediate course be prosperous or adverse; whether it lead to the quiet establishment, at a comparatively early period, of a new and renovated empire, in which Christian and European ideas shall be predominant, or whether an epoch of political anarchy and religious fanaticism be destined first to intervene. One thing is tolerably certain; the exclusive and jealously-barred system of the ancient empire is effectually broken up; China is at length open, in the most effectual sense of the word; into it the elements of light, civilization and Christianity will continue to flow. Though they may have long to struggle for the mastery, they will at length obtain it, and this great country, covering a territory larger than all Europe, and containing a population equal to a third of the human race, will be launched on its way of gradual but indefinite progress. Nor are they only internal causes, or such as foreigners introduce into China, which are tending to crumble the ancient system of apparently impregnable jealousy and prejudice. The Chinese themselves are no longer the inveterately incurious "stay-at-home" folks they once were; vast numbers of them are emigrating to other countries, especially to California and Australia, and cannot fail on their return to re-act on their countrymen, and bind closer the incipient ties between them and the rest of the world. Other causes, commercial and political, - among the latter, the recent war with the English, - have done much to destroy the fond notions of "celestial" superiority, and to make an inroad on Chinese prejudices. On this subject the translator of these volumes makes some judicious

* M. Huc himself gives some most entertaining accounts of the reverence of the Chinese for anything written, - which, in fact, becomes with them an abject superstition. He tells us that public functionaries are employed carefully to collect from the roadside, and every heap of rubbish, any scrap that has been written on or printed. It is carefully raked out of the less dignified dirt with which it has been polluted, and honored by being burnt. Imagine an inspector, for such a purpose, appointed to superintend the labor of London dustmen and scavengers! (See vol. ii. p. 208, 209.)

remarks at the close of his modest preface, as also on the vast importance to the world at large of the changes which seem so imminent. He justly assigns that influence which can alone render the revolution radically and permanently beneficial.

Christianity alone, we conscientiously believe, can heal this inward corruption, and arrest the downward progress of this mighty nation, now no longer separated from us by almost impassable distance. Not merely the statesman and the merchant, but the humblest among us, are now often connected by strong and tender ties with countries equally remote. A breach, too, has been made in the hitherto impenetrable barrier surrounding these distant Asiatic empires.

The United States have obtained important commercial privileges in Japan; Russia is striving for the same, and the secluded population of China have come forth to mingle (in California and Australia) in some of the busiest haunts of men, and take part in the newest movements of the time. (*Translator's Preface*, p. viii.)

We cordially recommend these volumes to general perusal. We must add, in justice to the translator, that he has admirably executed his task: his version is perfectly free from all stiffness; it is sufficiently literal, yet easy and elegant; and reflects very vividly the easy flow of narrative and the peculiar vein of humor which characterize the original.

From Household Words.

YADACE.

Now yadacé is a game. There are required to play it neither cards nor dice, cues, balls, checker-board, counters, fish, pawns, castles nor rooks. It can be played in winter or in summer, at home or abroad, in perfect silence, amidst the greatest hubbub. The race is to the swift in yadacé, for the most skilful player must win. You cannot cheat at yadacé; and it is a game that a child of nine may begin, and may not have finished when he finds himself an old man of ninety.

To give you a proper notion of yadacé I must take you to Algiers.

Are you acquainted with that strange town? the aspect of which—half Oriental, half Parisian—puts me in mind fantastically of a fierce Barbary lion that has had his claws pared and his teeth drawn, and has been clipped, shaven, and curled into a semi-similitude of a French poodle. I never was in Algiers, myself. I mean to go there, of course (when I have visited Persia, Iceland, Tibet, Venice, the ruined cities of Central America, Heligoland, and a few other places I have down in my note-book), but my spirit has been there, and with its aid, that of my friend Doctor Ciego, who was formerly a surgeon in the Foreign Legion out there, and a file of the Akbar newspaper I can form a tolerably correct mind-picture of the capital of Algeria. A wonderful journal is the Akbar, and a magic mirror of Algiers in itself. Commandants d'état major, chefs d'escadron, and chirurgiens major are mixed up with sheikhs, mollahs, dervishes and softas; spahis and zouaves indigènes. There are reports of trials for murder where Moorish women have been slain in deserted gardens, by choked up wells, under

the shadows of date-trees—slain by brothers and cousins El This, Ben That, and Sidi Somebody—for the unpardonable eastern offence of appearing in the presence of Christians without their veils; the witnesses are sworn on the Koran; the prisoner appears at the bar in a snowy burnous; the galleries are full of Moorish ladies in white yashmaks or veils, and Jewish women in jewelled turbans; and the prosecution is conducted by a Procureur Imperial in such a square toque or cap, and black gown, as you may see any day in the Salle des Pas Perdus of the Paris Palais de Justice for a twenty-eight shilling return-ticket. There is a Monsieur le President, glib clerks, to read the code Napoleon; gendarmes to keep order, and outside the court a guillotine, spick and span new from Paris, to which the bearded prisoner is, in due course of time, led for execution in a costume the very counterpart of that which Jacob wore when he went a-courting Laban's daughters. In the Akbar you may read advertisements of mosques to be sold, and milliners just arrived from Paris with the latest fashions; of balls at the ancient palace of the Dey, of a coffee-house to be let on lease close to the shambles in the Jews' quarter; of an adjudication in the bankruptcy of Skeikh El Haschan El Gouti Mogrebbin, and the last importation of Doctor Tintamarre's Infallible Pectoral Paste. In one column there is an announcement of the approaching sale by auction of the entire household furniture, wearing apparel and jewellery of Sultana Karadjia, deceased—I suppose about an equivalent to the honorable Mrs. Smithers, here. Sofas, divans, clocks, jewelled pipes, dresses of cloth of gold, turbans and gauze bonnets are to be sold. The whole reads like an execrable French translation of a tale in the Arabian Nights. Alto-

gether, reading the Akbar, I fancy that I know Algiers. I seem to see the deep blue skies, the low white houses with projecting balconies and porticoes painted a vivid green, and roofs fantastically tiled. The purple shadows that the houses cast. The narrow dark lanes where the eaves meet, and where you walk between dead-walls, through chinks of which, for aught you know, bright eyes may be looking. The newer streets with tall French houses and pert French names; where cafés brilliant with plate-glass, gilding and arabesque paintings, quite outstare the humble little shieling of the Moorish cafejez with his store of pipes and tiny fillagree cups of bitter coffee full of dregs. The sandy up-hill ground. The crowded port, where black war-steamers are moored by strange barques with sails of fantastic shapes and colors. The bouncing shop of the French epicier, who sells groceries, wines, and quack medicines, and whose smart young shopman, with an apron and a spade-cut beard, stands at the door; and the dusky unwindowed stall of the native merchant who sits cross-legged, smoking on a bale of goods in an odor of drugs, perfumed leather, and fragrant tobacco. The motley throng of officers with cigars, and clanging spurs and kepis knowingly set on one side of the head; of zouaves, dandies from the Boulevard des Italiens; grisettes in lace caps; commandants' wives in pink bonnets; orderly dragoons, Bedouins mounted on fleet Arabs, date and sherbet sellers, Jews, fezzes, cabs, turbans, yashmaks, burnouses, lancers' caps, and felt-hats, and the many mingled smells of pitch, tar, garlic, pot-au-feu, ottar of roses, caporal tobacco, hashish, salt water, melons and musk.

Is this Algiers, I wonder. I fancy, erroneously, perhaps, that I can divine a city from a newspaper—a flask—a shoe—the most inconsiderable object. I have a clear and counterfeit presentment in my mind of Leipsic, from a book—which I am unable to read—a dimly printed, coarse-papered pamphlet stitched in rough blue paper. I can see in it high houses, grave, fat-faced children, a predominance of blue in the color for stockings,—dinners at one o'clock—much beer—much tobacco—a great deal of fresh boiled beef, soup and cabbage,—early beds—straw-colored beards—green spectacles—large umbrellas, and a great many town clocks. I should like to know whether Leipsic really possesses any of these characteristics. A worthy, weather-beaten old sea-captain once gave me a perfectly definite notion of Sierra Leone, in one little anecdote. "Sierra Leone, sir," he said: "I'll tell you what Sierra Leone is like. A black fellow, sir, goes into the market. It's as hot as — well,—anything. He buys a melon for three farthings—and what

does he do with it? The black fellow, sir, has'n't a rag on. He's as bare as a robin. He buys his melon, cut it in halves, and scoops out the middle. He sits in one half, covers his head with the other, and eats the middle. That's what he does, sir."—I saw Sierra Leone in all its tropical glory, cheapness of produce, darkness of population, gigantic vegetation, and primitive state of manners immediately.

All this, although you may not think so, bears upon, concerns, is yadacé. But to give you yadacé at once, we will quit Sierra Leone, and come back to Algiers.

Few would imagine, while watching in a Moorish coffee-house the indigènes, as the native inhabitants are called, playing with a grave and apparently immovable tranquillity, at draughts, chess, or backgammon—not speaking, scarcely moving—that men, seemingly so impassable to the chances of loss or gain, were capable of feeling the most violent effects of the passion for gaming. Yet these passions and these effects they feel in all their intensity. They lack, it is true, the varied emotions that winners or losers express at the green baize table of the trente-et-quarante, the particolored wheel of roulette, the good-intention paved court of the Stock Exchange, or the velvety sward of the area before the Grand Stand at Epsom. But no bull or bear, no caster or punter, no holder of a betting-book who has just lost thousands and his last halfpenny, could ever show a visage so horribly aghast, so despairingly downfallen, so ferociously miserable, as that unlucky Algerine player, to whom his adversary has just pronounced the fatal and triumphant word—Yadacé.

The game is of the utmost simplicity, and consists solely in abstaining from receiving anything whatsoever from the person with whom you play. In order to ratify the convention which is established between the parties at the commencement of a game, each player takes by the end a morsel of straw, a slip of paper, or even a blade of grass, which is broken or torn in two between them, the sacramental formula "Yadacé" being pronounced at the same time. After this, the law of the game is in full force. In some cases, when one of the players imagines that he has to deal with an inexperienced or inattentive player, he immediately attempts to catch him by presenting him with the piece of straw or paper which has remained on his side, under pretence of having it measured against the other. Should the novice be foolish enough to accept the fragment, the terrible yadacé is forthwith thundered forth, and the game is lost in the very outset. But it rarely happens, save, perhaps, when one of the players is a European, totally a stranger to the traditions of the game, that any one is

found thoughtless enough to be caught in this gross, palpable trap. Much more frequently a struggle of mutual astuteness, caution, and circumspection begins, which is prolonged for days, weeks, months, and, in many cases, years.

As it is almost impossible that persons who live habitually together should not sometimes find it unavoidable to take something from one another, it is agreed upon, in the yadacén hypothesis, that mutual acceptance may be made of articles, on condition that before an object is touched the person who accepts should say to the person who offers, "Fi bali." or "Ala bali," literally, "with (or by) my knowledge;" that is to say, I receive, with knowledge of reception. It is also agreed that all things appertaining to the body may be received without prejudice to a state of yadacé. The Moorish authorities mention specially a kiss or a grasp of the hand, but they say nothing of a blow. Perhaps they think that with a Moslem such a gift could never, under any circumstances, be received, but must naturally be returned as soon as given.

Yadacé may more properly be looked upon as a game of forfeits than as one adapted to gambling purposes; but the Algerines make—or rather used to make—it subservient to the good service of mammon to a tremendous extent. Before the French conquest, in the old times of the Dey and his jewelled fan, with which he was wont to rap the fingers of European consuls when they were impertinent—when the Mussulman population of Algiers was both numerous and wealthy, yadacé was in the highest fashion: husbands played at yadacé with their wives; brothers with their sisters; friends among themselves—and enormous sums were frequently won and lost. Houses, gardens, farms, nay, whole estates were often staked; and many a wealthy Moslem saw his fortune depart from him for having had the imprudence to accept a pipe of tobacco, a cup of coffee, a morsel of pilaff, without having pronounced the talismanic words, "Fi bali." However, there were many players at yadacé so cautious and attentive, that they were enabled to continue the mutual struggle for many years, in spite of the most ingenious ruses, and the most deeply-laid plots to trap one another. One devoted amateur of yadacé, a venerable Turk, carried his caution and determination not to be taken in to such an extent, that he never helped himself to a pinch of snuff, of which he was immoderately fond, without repeating to himself the formula, "Ala bali!"

If, during the nights of the Ramadhan, you happen to stroll into any of the Moorish coffee-houses in Algiers, you will find yadacé to be a favorite theme with the kavis, or storytellers, and groups of attentive indigines

listening to their animated narrations of feats of intellectual dexterity in yadacé-players, and hairbreadth escapes by flood and field in that adventurous game. The majority of these stories are quite untranslatable into western language, and unsuitable for western ears to hear. I think, however, I can find two little anecdotes that will give you some idea of the subtleties of yadacé.

Karamani-oglou, the son of Téhoka-oglou, was a rich cloth-merchant of Algiers. Five long years had Karamani-oglou been playing at yadacé with his wife, but without success. The wife of Karamani was young and beautiful; but as yet Allah had not blessed their union with children. Suddenly it occurred to the cloth-merchant to make a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca. He was absent just two years and nine months; but you must know that the pilgrimage was undertaken purely with a view towards yadacé. For the cunning Karamani reasoned within himself thus: "When I return home after so long an absence, my wife will be glad to see me. She will have forgotten all about yadacé, or at least will be thrown off her guard. She will accept, I will wager my beard, a present from her long-absent husband, particularly if that present happens to be a diamond ring of great value. Bismillah, we will see." Karamani-oglou bought the ring—a most gorgeous one—and returning safe and sound to Algiers, entered the court-yard of his own house just in the cool of the evening. Fathma, his wife, was standing in the inner porch. She looked younger and more beautiful than ever; but she was dandling a sturdy, curly-headed little boy, some two years old; and all at once a golden arrow shot through the heart of the cloth-merchant, and a silver voice cried: "Karamani-oglou, you have a son!" The delighted Mussulman rushed forward: his face was bathed with tears of joy. "I have a son!" he gasped. "You have, O Ogrou!" replied his blushing spouse. He held out his arms for the precious burden; he covered the child with kisses; he called him whole vocabularies of endearing names; when all at once he heard a peal of laughter that sounded like the mirth of ten thousand djinns, afrits, and ghoules; and looking up, he saw Fathma, his wife, dancing about the court-yard in her baggy trowsers, and shaking the strings of sequins in her hair. From her had emanated the djinn-like laughter, and she was crying: "Yadacé! Karamani-oglou! Yadacé! O my lord! Yadacé! O my caliph! Yadacé! O my effendi! Yadacé! yadacé! yadacé! Thou saidst not, 'Fi bali!' when thou tookest the child from my arms! Yadacé!"

"Go to Eblis!" roared the enraged Karamani-oglou, letting the little boy fall flop upon

the pavement of the court, where he lay howling, with nobody to pick him up.

From the foregoing, and especially from the following anecdote, it would appear that it is in the highest degree dangerous to play at yadacé with your wife.

Hassan-el-Djeninah was, thirty years since, vizier and chief favorite to the Pasha of the Oudjak of Constantine. He was the fattest man in the pachalic, and, more than that, was reckoned to be the most jealous husband in the whole of Barbary. It is something to be the most jealous in a land where all husbands are jealous. Gay young Mussulman sparks trembled as they saw Hassan-el-Djeninah waddle across the great square of Constantine, or issue from the barber's, or enter the coffee-house. He walked slowly, and with his legs very wide apart. His breath was short, but his yataghan was long, and he could use it. Once, and once only, he detected a young Beyzade, Ibrahim-el-Majki, sacrilegiously attempting to accost his wife as she came from the bath, and having even the hardihood to lift a corner of her veil. "Allah Akbar! God is great!" Hassan the vizier was wont to say, pulling from a small green silk purse in his girdle a silver skewer, upon which appeared to be three dried-up shrivelled oysters. "This is the nose, and these are the ears of Ibrahim-el-Majki." Whereupon the beholders would shudder, and Hassan-el-Djeninah would replace his trophies in his girdle and waddle away.

Hassan had four wives—Zouluki Khanoum, Suleima Khanoum, Gaza Khanoum, and Leila Khanoum. Khanoum, be it understood, means Lady, Madame, Donna, Signora. Now, if Hassan-el-Djeninah was jealous of his wives, they, you may be sure, were jealous of each other—save poor little Leila, the youngest wife (the poor child was only sixteen years old), who was not of a jealous disposition at all; but who, between the envy of her sister-wives, who hated her, and the unceasing watchfulness of her husband, who loved her with inconvenient fondness, led a terrible life of it. Leila Khanoum was Hassan's favorite wife. He would suffer her, but no one else, to fill his pipe, to adjust the jewelled mouth-piece to his lips, and to tickle the soles of his august feet when he wished to be lulled to sleep. He would loll for hours upon the cushions of his divan, listening while she sang monotonous love-songs, rocking herself to and fro the while, and accompanying herself upon the little guitar called a qouithrah, as it is the manner of Moorish ladies to do. He gave her rich suits of brocade and cloth of gold; he gave her a white donkey, from Spain, to ride on when she went to the bath; he gave her jewels and Spanish doubloons to twine in her tresses; scented tobacco to smoke, and hen-

nah for her eyelids and finger-nails; finally, he condescended to play with her for a princely stake—nothing less than the repudiation of the other three wives, and the settlement of all his treasures upon her first-born—at yadacé.

At the same time, as I have observed, he was terribly jealous of her, and watched her, night and day, with the patience of a beaver, the perspicuity of a lynx, the cunning of a fox, and the ferocity of a wolf. He kept spies about her. He bribed the tradesmen with whom she dealt, and the attendants at the baths she frequented. He caused the menfonce, or little round aperture in the wall of the queublou, or alcove of her apartment (which menfonce looked into the street) to be bricked up. He studied the language of flowers (which, in the East, is rather more nervous and forcible a tongue than with us), in order that he might be able to examine Leila's bouquets, and discover whether any floral billet-doux had been sent her from outside. To complete his system of espionage, he cultivated a warm and intimate friendship with Ali ben Assa, the opium merchant, whose house directly faced his own, in order that he might have the pleasure of sitting secretly at the window thereof, at periods when he was supposed to be miles away, and watching who entered or left the mansion opposite.

One day, as he was occupied in this manner, he saw his wife's female negro slave emerge from his house, look round cautiously, as if to ascertain if she were observed, and beckon with her hand. Then, from a dark passage, he saw issue a young man habited as a Frank. The accursed gjaour looked round cautiously, as the negro had done, crossed the road, whispered to her, slipped some money into her hand; and then the treacherous and guilty pair entered the mansion together.

Hassan-el-Djeninah broke out in a cold perspiration. Then he began to burn like live coals. Then he foamed at the mouth. Then he got his moustachios between his teeth, and knawed them. Then he tore his beard. Then he dug his nails into the palms of his hands. Then he clapped his hand upon the hilt of the scimeter, and said:—

"As to the black slave, child of Jehanum and Ahriman as she is, she shall walk on the palms of her hands all the days of her life; for if there be any virtue in the bastinado, I will leave her no feet to walk upon. As to the gjaour, by the beard of the Prophet, I will have his head!"

Long before this speech was finished, he had crossed the road, traversed his courtyard, entered his house, ascended the staircase, and gained the portal of his wife's apartment. He tore aside the silken curtains, and rushed into the room, livid with rage, just as

Leila Khanoum was in the act of bending over a large chest of richly-carved wood; in which she kept her suits of brocade and cloth of gold, her jewels and her sequins. Hassan-el-Djeninah saw the state of affairs at a glance: the giaour must be in that chest!

He knocked over the wretched black slave as one might a ninepin, rushed to the chest, and tried to raise the lid. It was locked.

"The key, woman! — the key!" he roared.

"My lord, I have it not," stammered Leila Khanoum. "I have lost it — I have sent it to be repaired."

"The key!" screamed Hassan-el-Djeninah, looking ten thousand Bluebeards at once.

With tears and trembling Leila at length handed him the key, and then flung herself on her knees, as if to entreat mercy. The infuriated Hassan opened the chest. There

was somebody inside, certainly, and that somebody was habited as a giaour; but beneath the Frank habit there were the face and form of Lulu, Leila Khanoum's Georgian slave.

"What is this?" asked the bewildered Hassan, looking round. "Who is laughing at my beard? What is this?"

"Yadacé!" screamed Leila Khanoum, throwing herself down on the divan, and rolling about in ecstasy. "Yadacé, Oh, my lord, for you took the key!"

"Yadacé," repeated the Georgian slave, making a low obeisance.

"Yadacé!" echoed the negress, with a horrible grin, and showing her white teeth.

"Allah Akbar!" said Hassan-el-Djeninah, looking very foolish.

And such is the game of Yadacé.

From the Tribune.

THE EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF DR. KANE.

THE Release and the Arctic, which are to sail in search of Dr. Kane, being ready for sea, have been hauled out from the dock and are now anchored off the Navy Yard. The officers and men are all on board, and on Thursday next the Expedition will sail on its mission of mercy. Yesterday morning HENRY GRINNELL, Esq., presented the officers of the Expedition with a set of maps, charts and notes of the Arctic discoveries up to 1854, which he had received by the last steamer from Capt. INGFIELD and JOHN BARROW, Secretary of the British Admiralty. The following is the note from the Secretary of the Admiralty, to Mr. GRINNELL:

I almost fear the expedition will have sailed before this reaches you, but I send the enclosed on the chance. One is a chart on which Capt. Ingfield has made some notes which may be useful, the other is the Arctic papers, which contain the brief summary of his voyage up to Smith's Sound, which I have not previously sent. I think. I wish I knew in what other way I could be of any service to the Expedition. Wishing them all the success they deserve, and that they may return with Dr. KANE and his party in the Autumn, I remain yours faithfully,

JOHN BARROW.

Lady FRANKLIN has at last resigned herself to the belief that her brave husband is no more, and at her request the present Expedition will take out a tablet to be erected to the memory of Sir John and his devoted companions of the Erebus and Terror. It was not until quite too late for the stone to be prepared in England and shipped for this country that Lady Franklin learned that Lieut. Hartstein and his command would touch at Beechy Island. Therefore at her request Mr. Henry Grinnell has caused the tablet

to be prepared in this city. In conformity with her directions the stone bears the following inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF
FRANKLIN,
CROZIER, FITZJAMES,
AND
ALL THEIR GALLANT BROTHER OFFICERS AND FAITHFUL
COMPANIONS WHO HAVE SUFFERED AND PERISHED
IN THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE
AND THE SERVICE
OF THEIR
COUNTRY
THIS TABLET
IS
ERECTED
NEAR THE SPOT WHERE
THAT PASSED THEIR FIRST ARCTIC
WINTER, AND WHENCE THEY ISSUED
FORTH TO CONQUER DIFFICULTIES AND TORMENTS.
IT COMMEMORATES THE GRIEF
OF THEIR ADMIRING COUNTRYMEN AND FRIENDS, AND THE
ANGUISH, SUBDUED BY FAITH, OF HER WHO HAS
LOST IN THE HEROIC LEADER OF THE
EXPEDITION THE MOST DEVOTED
AND AFFECTIONATE
OF HUSBANDS.
*And so he bringeth them into the haven where
they would be.*
1855.
This stone has been intrusted to be affixed in its
place by the officers and crew of the American Expedition,
commanded by Lieut. H. J. Hartstein, in search
of Dr. Kane and his companions.

The tablet is of white marble, two feet three inches by five feet. It is to be erected on the White Cliff at Beechy Island by the side of that commemorating the fate of Lieut. Bellot of the Belcher Expedition.

The six hundred and fifty tablets relating to the sixty Apis bulls are to be open to public view in the Louvre about the 20th May.

From *The Economist*, 28 April.

THE COUNTRY'S POSITION AND THE COUNTRY'S DUTY.

MATTERS are becoming less complicated, if not more comfortable. The position of the great question of the day has been greatly simplified during the last week. The horizon is not brighter certainly, but it is clearer. The skies are still lowering; the winds are rising; and the waves are high;—but anything is better than a fog.

When we last addressed our readers, our country was in a somewhat peculiar and indescribable attitude. We held the sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other. We were making war with vigor and we were trying to make peace with sincerity. We did not know to which class of efforts we ought to look forward with the most sanguine hopes. But this was not all. We were endeavoring to include a new ally in our contest and to turn a perplexing neutral into an avowed auxiliary. It was uncertain whether Russia would accept our terms, and whether Austria would join our arms. On the first point doubt is at an end. On the second, it lingers in the breast of few. Henceforth our course is clear: our eye should be single; and our strength concentrated.

The negotiations at Vienna have been broken off,—and broken off in a manner which gives to the Western Powers a great advantage, and ought to tell decidedly in their favor both with their own people and with the public opinion of Europe. It is now obvious, as it was all along suspected, that Russia never had the slightest intention of seriously making peace on any terms which would materially reduce her power in the Black Sea or in the least degree incapacitate her from following out her felonious designs on Turkey. She only purposed to prolong the time when Austria would have to take a final decision for her or against her, to play with the sincerity of the Allies, and take advantage of whatever chances might turn up in her favor. As soon as a distinct proposal was made in the form of an ultimatum agreed upon by the other four parties to the Conference, for carrying the third of those points to which she had given in her adherence as the admitted basis of the negotiations, she met it by a positive refusal, and did not even offer any counter propositions—at least none such as it was possible for the Allies to listen to. (The telegraph has been rather contradictory on this head.) The negotiation was not broken off on any question of more or less: Russia entirely and peremptorily refused to accept of any limitation of her power, or rather her exclusive possession, of the Black Sea. We never believed that she would submit to any real reduction of her preponderance there, but it is satisfactory to have it thus clearly proved and avowed by her own Plenipotentiaries.

If it is thus made certain and proclaimed that Russia had no intention of purchasing peace by any genuine or substantial concessions, it has been even more strongly made manifest that England and France have shown every disposition, even to the very last, of purchasing peace by every concession which it was possible to

make, and even by some the propriety of which was very questionable. No one can say that we could have offered milder terms without stultification and discredit. No one can say that we could have demanded less without giving up all the objects for which the war was undertaken, without by implication condemning ourselves for ever having entered upon it. We have been moderate even to the very verge of feebleness and dishonor. The greatest advocates for peace must admit this. Thoughtful men go much further, and say that our Ministers, in offering to terminate hostilities on the basis of "the four points," were guilty of a weakness for which even their earnest and conscientious desire to spare further effusion of blood presents scarcely an adequate excuse; and that if we had gained nothing beyond those conditions (or rather a parchment treaty embodying them), we should have had no apology for having commenced hostilities, and no return for all the efforts, and all the sacrifices we have made and endured in this first disastrous year. We need not discuss which party is right—those who think our government have done enough for the sake of peace, or those who think that they have done too much. All agree in a verdict of acquittal on this score. Our hands are clean. Peace has been refused to us. The proffered olive branch has been cast back in our face. The continuation of the war has been forced upon us; and having thus done everything that as men of honor we could do to terminate the quarrel, all that now remains to us is to prosecute it with all the vigor of which as men of courage we are capable. Henceforth we have no occasion to look back. Henceforth we have only one thing to attend to—to bend all our energies to make success as signal, as rapid, as complete and overwhelming as possible.

To suppose that two nations like France and England combined will not ultimately succeed in whatever they resolutely determine to undertake, seems almost monstrous. We may make false steps, but we can retrace them. We may pay dearly for our experience, but we can profit by it. The French have a vast army. The English have an unequalled navy. We have both pecuniary resources which carefully managed, are nearly inexhaustible. It is impossible that such means can fail of success, unless by a degree of mismanagement of which even the past would be only a faint type, but against which the past ought to be our surest guarantee. The second campaign cannot fail to be very differently conducted from the first. Every day brings us more and more encouraging accounts of the condition and temper of our army. Provisions are plentiful; strength is returning; weather is propitious; and hopes are high.

It is true that there seems little prospect of the capture of Sebastopol either by siege or by assault. The former plan cannot succeed without a complete investment; the second would cost more men than even success would be worth. But failure before Sebastopol is not necessarily failure in the Crimean expedition. We think, and have always thought, that the operations of the last six months have been a pure mistake; and that when the first golden opportunity was

lost, our attention should have been turned not to the reduction of the fortress, but to the Conquest of the Peninsula. The Crimea conquered, Sebastopol would fall as a matter of course. The plan, it is now generally admitted, ought to have been to seek the Russians in the open field, to beat them if they met us, to pursue them within certain limits if they retired before us, till we had taken up a series of strong positions from Eupatoria by Batchi-Serai and Simpheropol to Alush-ta or Caffa, and thus effectually interposed between them and Sebastopol, without at the same time advancing so far into the interior as to endanger our communications with the coast. If, at the same time, our forces were numerous enough to enable us to guard Perekop and Kertch, so as to prevent reinforcements from arriving, the fall of the great fortress would become a matter of certainty and a question only of time.

This plan is we believe to be adopted as soon as the result of the pending bombardment is known. To insure its success, two conditions only are necessary—a sufficient number of troops to concentrate strength enough on all the different positions which it would be necessary to hold; and a sufficient supply of baggage animals and other means of transport, to enable us to provision the forces at fifty or sixty miles' distance from the coast. Great, and to a considerable extent successful, efforts are now being made to effect the latter object; and we learn from parties who are just returned that French reinforcements are pouring in to Kamiesch as fast as transport can convey them. It is only in cavalry that we are seriously deficient. Now, when we consider that we have Constantinople, the Mediterranean and Asia Minor at our back, we can have no fear as to stores and supplies falling short; and when we remember that the Crimea is almost an island with only a narrow isthmus to connect it with Russia, and that we have the complete command of the sea, and can range along the whole coast from Caffa on the one side to within 20 or 30 miles of Perekop on the other; and finally that we have now nearly 150,000 men there already and thousands more incessantly arriving;—we cannot but feel confident that England and France have put into the hands of their rulers and commanders the means of achieving ample success and glorious victories, if only the resolution and the skill to wield those means be not wanting.

Rulers and commanders must expect to be watched closely and judged harshly. Much has been given to them: much will be required of them. The country has given them all the money they asked for and the power of procuring all the men they need. It can do no more, we were going to say. But we are wrong. There is one thing more which it can do—one other strength it can confer—one other aid it can render; and this must not be withheld.

Men work without spirit when they work without hope and without encouragement. They toil and fight with fettered hands, with benumbed limbs, with languid energies, with crippled powers, with impaired and weakened wills, with sink-

ing instead of soaring aspirations, when they feel themselves surrounded by bitter enemies and grumbling friends; by foes, rivals, and spectators, strict to mark every slip, severe to punish every error, ready to hoot over every failure; prompt to believe in every fault and to give credit for no good; putting the worst construction upon every act, and receiving the worst rumor with the readiest ear; blaming everything they see done, and believing that nothing has been done which they don't see. The people that wishes to be well served and nobly governed and courageously led on to victory, must be generous and just as well as stern; must be as zealous to reward, as it is vigilant to exact, full and righteous service; must spare its leaders that most paralyzing of all influences—the conviction that they are serving a master suspicious, inequitable, backbiting, ever prophesying failure, and utterly impossible to please.

From The Spectator, 28 April.

THE SECOND YEAR OF WAR.

RUSSIA has refused the proffered terms of peace so absolutely that accommodation seems to be rendered impossible. The Western Powers have committed themselves to an advance from which they can scarcely retreat before they have regained the position that they have staked. The means for coercing a gigantic enemy appear to diminish rather than to increase as the war enlarges from a local contest to one of unmeasured dimensions; and thus we seem to stand upon the commencement of many-years' war, while our Chancellor of the Exchequer moulds with uncertain hand the first in a series of war budgets. We have had some triumphs even in the Crimea. Our soldiers have won victories for us through sheer bone; our science has introduced the railway into active warfare, and the telegraph as a special courier; while our gunnery is discovering for us whether Russia has gone as far as we have in the ordinary branches of military art. But the victories have as yet been barren, and mechanical invention has not supplied the place of military genius.

Scarcely have we entered upon the broad bloody highway of "la grande guerre," before the fidelity of our most important ally is placed in doubt. The representations which Austria is understood to have been making may be worthy of consideration on their own account, at least from the Austrian point of view; and we cannot expect Austria to change her position on the map, or to start in the inquiry from our preconceived ideas. Russia has been excluded from the Principalities, and may still be excluded so long as Austria shall decline to let her in. But we should have a feeble faith in Austria as guardian of a portal of defence, if she fail us as an ally in the field. It is true that the Western Powers have been able to drive Russia out of the Black Sea, and Austria is not said to deny the representation of France that the Western Powers may keep the ground they have won on the waters of that Russian lake: but Sebastopol baffles

us. Danubian Turkey is defended for the time by Austria, Constantinople by the Western fleets; a state of protection for the independence of the Ottoman empire, and therefore for the public law of Europe, resting upon the policy, for the time being, at Vienna, and the presence of an Anglo-French fleet in the Euxine. Austria has prevented the Czar from surrounding their own territory, and the Western Powers have established their capacity for driving back the enemy. Austria may think such a position enough: England and France cannot think so, if they are to remain the powers that they have considered themselves to be.

Although the staple of our soldiery has proved as stout in the Crimea as in the Spanish Peninsula or in Flanders, we must confess that in a military sense the campaign of last year was a failure. Our positive success was only established by sea. It is clear that our strength is such as to deter Russia even from meeting us on that field. She holds it cheaper to imprison or destroy her own fleet rather than to fight us. Such results would make us rely more upon our navy, and induce us to abstain from further attempts with a military administration which is for the time incapable of sustaining the action of this country up to the standard of Wellington's time. With our navy we might do all that England requires. There is not a power on the sea whom we could not overcome; none which is likely to attack us that we could not drive into hiding places even as the Russian has hidden. We could punish some of our false allies more severely by keeping off the shore and scourging them at sea. Prussia we could lock up and make her the jest of Germany. If Austria were to play us false, the fleet of Lloyd's Company, and all the armed ships that she could bring against us, would be only butts for the exercise of our gunnery. If England were driven back upon herself, we should stand upon no niceties: fighting Continental Powers with maritime weapons, we must use our maritime weapons wherever we had the opportunity; and to do that, we must introduce a fiercer spirit than our navy has recently been permitted to exercise. We are, however, scarcely free to choose the ground upon which we will fight. We have united with France in planning the campaign; if we have assented to her advances, we have undertaken a share in the responsibility by our acquiescence; we have no doubt drawn her further than she would have gone alone, because we professed to accompany her; and while she is faithful to us we must be true to her. We are therefore committed to a land-fight as well as to a sea-fight, and must make up our mind for the work that is before us.

Again, then, it is not a season for niceties by land any more than by sea. The time has passed when we could permit paltering with false neutrals or obstructive allies. If we cannot recognize as friends any who will not join us against the enemy, so on the other hand we cannot fail to recognize as friends any who will join us against our adversaries. Let Austria passively subserve the purposes of Russia while the present war continues, and the very fact of her doing so will open the Temple of Discord upon the

Continent. When Powers like England and France are arrayed against Governments such as those of Russia and Austria, there are countries that will offer themselves as allies whose assistance could not be refused. If Austria decline to defend the boundary of the alliance upon the Danube and the Rhine, it may be necessary to defend the boundary upon the Veronese, possibly even to seek other boundaries on the Danube; and England might find the Rhine states, Northern Italy, and Hungary, amongst willing allies, whose aid could not be refused. Even if we were to accept the Austrian plan based upon the actual results of last year's campaign, it would only amount to an armed neutrality, which Austria would maintain upon the Danube, and the Western Powers upon the Black Sea. Whether, therefore, we were to stand upon the present position or to proceed aggressively with the war, we must prepare for strenuous and continuous exertion.

It is a time when, above all, we want strong government; men who wield strong powers in a strong way; who can call upon the people for sacrifices in that voice of determined will which inspires effort with cheerful confidence; who can extract money from honest men, and hold it hard against waste. By some curious idiosyncrasy of our management, we are unable to shake off the encumbrances of the last war, while we are commencing the fresh war. We have veteran generals and colonels keeping out men not too old for action. We have a navy which supports some five captains to every ship, though it cannot muster its complement of men, partly because the pay, lavished upon the supernumerary captains, is not attractive enough for the hands before the mast. Our neighbors in France, at whose economy we sometimes laugh, sustain their position as a military power upon an actual expenditure of £20,000,000, while England rises to £50,000,000; and this expensive system, clogged with supernumeraries, and checks against expenditure which cost more than the peculation they check, is unable to sustain our ancient position either by sea or land. At a time when our expenditure already exceeds that at the commencement of the last great war, we see that we are only at the beginning of an outlay which is already expanding. But that is far from being the worst. The critical position of affairs in camp and council abroad is confessed; the disorganized mismanagement of our War administration is disclosed; the ordinary government of the state proves to be too weak to grapple with the difficulty of the day and to master it; the House of Commons is indifferent; and "the men" to supply the wisdom and vigor wanted do not appear. It is not to be concealed that there is a spirit of discontent which threatens its troublesome remedies. The present Government is spoken of as visibly declining; the next usual alternative, a Derby Ministry, is anticipated with mistrust of its disposition to make terms with the enemy: but what is there beyond? The "aristocracy" which mans our Cabinets would seem to be then exhausted. It is openly said to be on its last trial. Men of vigorous energy and practical habits, of not lengthened years, and not of title, are mentioned

by name as likely to be brought together by national calamity. In short, to be free from shackles that fetter us alike in peace and war—to secure a strong, honest, national Government—it seems to be felt, rather than thought, that we must have something very like a revolution!

From the same.

THE intelligence from Vienna is disagreeable. It is not only that Russia has definitively broken off from the negotiations, and refuses all the proffered terms of accommodation on the third point. If not exactly expected, that is not the worst turn that the conferences could have taken, so far as Russia is concerned.

With regard to her, the position appears to be this. The Allies, after consultation among themselves, had determined that "the four points" were essential to any conclusion of peace with Russia,—namely, the reconstruction of the Principalities so as to render Turkish territory independent of a powerful neighbor; the free navigation of the Danube; the abatement of Russian supremacy in the Black Sea; and a substitution of European protection over the Christian subjects of Turkey, in lieu of a Russian protection of the Greek Church. By a concession from her previous position, after the failure of the last conferences, Russia agreed to negotiate upon these bases, and assented to the general principle of the first two points. On the third, the Allies, whose views were no doubt well understood by Russia, deemed it more respectful not to make a specific proposal, but left Russia to develop the principle of that point in an offer of her own. The Russian Plenipotentiaries referred to their Government; and the result was, that Russia absolutely declined to treat. This seemed final; but subsequently some kind of propositions were sent in by Russia, though only to be rejected. The conferences were stopped; M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Lord John Russell turned homeward; and it was open war with Russia—hopes of peace abandoned.

So far good. Open war was better than a treacherous peace; but doubtful alliance is almost worse than either; and Austria for the first time

gave the Western Powers reason to doubt whether she had been sincere in the apparent cordiality of her co-operation down to this point. With regard to the conduct of Austria, indeed, we have as yet no authentic information whatever; Ministers tell us to await the return of Lord John Russell. We have the diplomatic chapter on the war in the *Moniteur* pointing out the obligations of Austria with an elaborate care plainly indicating the necessity for convincing that power of her obligations. We have similar papers in our leading journals, evidently dictated by the same desire and having the same tendency. The *Morning Post* has almost in plain terms indicated that Austria hesitates; the *Times* and *Globe* do not contradict the surmise, but confirm it by their argumentative statement of Austrian pledges and interests. It is to be gathered that Austria has laid before the Western Powers a representation that the objects of the war have been practically attained, in the compulsory evacuation of the Principalities by Russia and the effectual protection of that territory, and in the maritime expulsion of Russia from the Black Sea, which the Western Powers have shown their ability to enforce at will; results which secure the independence of Turkey by land and the safety of Constantinople by sea. At the same time, a closer union between Austria and Prussia, and therefore Germany, rendered possible by the renewal of peace, would secure Europe against Russian encroachment across the German frontier. Is it worth while, Austria is understood to ask, to plunge into the perils and penalties of extended war, when we have already obtained that which we sought?—It is possible that this representation may have been made in good faith, and that the Austrian Ministers may not deserve the distrust that has been occasioned in the minds of the British and French Plenipotentiaries. Some term appears to have been allowed for the deliberations of Austria on this momentous question; and it is anticipated that next week we shall have a definite knowledge of the position that Austria is to assume, and shall know, therefore, whether the Western Powers are to proceed in alliance with the Emperor Francis Joseph or separately.

VALUE OF LAND IN THE CITY.

Observing by a communication in a recent impression, that an endeavor has been made to throw some doubt on the accuracy of your statements on the above subject, I beg to inform you that a piece of land on the south side of Cornhill, having a frontage of 58 feet by a depth of 17 feet, has been within the last few days let on lease for a building term at a ground-rent of £900 per annum. This, I think, will be found to be a higher rate per acre than any plot heretofore let. I may add, that the ground in question is the property of the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, and was let by public tender—[Calculated at thirty years' purchase, the sum pro-

duced is at the rate of £1,182,030 per acre!—Ed.]—*Correspondent of the Builder.*

EARL DUNDONALD declares himself to be so positive that he could destroy Cronstadt, Swaborg, Helsingfors, and Sebastopol, at the moderate expense of £1,000,000, that he is ready, with the sanction of the Government, to place his plans before spirited individuals in the City, under whose superintendence the money may be disbursed.

IT IS INTENDED to hold a "Grand Bazaar" in London next month, to promote the movement now making to extend the use of free labor in cotton goods, with a view to the discouragement of slavery in the American States.

From Household Words.

BREAD CAST ON THE WATERS.

A YOUNG man (see his description in any lady-novel of any year), eminently handsome, and mounted on a fiery eyed black horse, rode slowly down the avenue of a gentleman's "place," in the pastoral county of Lanark. It was not a domain—not an estate; it was merely a moderate-sized property, with a pretty square-built house situated on the banks of a picturesque river, and protected from east and north by an abrupt elevation, which in most countries would be called a mountain, but here was known as the Falder Hill. His dress (see the same authorities for the becoming costume of the year seventeen hundred and eighty) set off his splendid figure to the greatest advantage. But Charles Harburn (that was the young man's name) owed less to any other personal advantage than to the fine, open expression of his face. It does not matter whether this expression arose from features or not; there it was. You couldn't look at him without wishing to shake him by the hand,—he was so jolly, so radiant, so manly in all his looks; and his looks did no more than justice to the inner man. Everybody liked him, except old careful fathers and mothers who had rich and only daughters; and even in that case I doubt whether the mothers could have retained their enmity after the first week. Fathers are such harsh and unsentimental brutes, that I believe they would have hated him more and more. They could see nothing to admire in him at all. He hadn't distinguished himself at school half so much as young Pitsgothic of Deannvale; nor at college so much as Polwoody of Drumstane; and yet nobody made any fuss about those very estimable youths, though they had two thousand a-year each, and were exactly the same age as Charles Harburn. Lord bless us! how old fogies of fifty will reason upon love and beauty! and prove that the snub nose of Polwoody and the bandy legs of Pitsgothic are every bit as pleasant to look on as the Grecian outline and classic figure of the very charming young man we have left so long on his great black charger, in the avenue of Falder Mains. Reason away, old blockheads! It's pleasant to hear your silly remarks! Jane, and Susannah, and I, know better, though these fair maidens are both under twenty, and I never passed for a philosopher; but if a small bet will be any satisfaction, I am ready to deposit a moderate amount of coin on the correctness of the judgment of these two ignorant young girls, and leave the decision of the wager to the oldest professor in Edinburgh College, provided he has no marriageable daughters of his own and is not himself on the look-out for a third wife.

At last Charles Harburn got to the foot of the avenue; and, on closing the swing-gate behind him, and entering on the high-road, he gave vent to the exuberance of his spirits by touching the courier's flank with his whip, and dashing off at a gallop on the narrow grass border that bounded the public way. I am ready to depose, that at the same time, he gave utterance to certain words which sounded very like these—

"Nancy Cleghorn is the nicest girl in the world—the best, the loveliest, the most accomplished, the kindest; and I wish her father had broken his neck, or been drowned in the Falder, with all my heart." Now, to look at him, you would not suppose that such murderous sentiments could find room in the heart of so radiant a youth. Yet he distinctly wished poor old George Cleghorn, of Falder, to meet, or rather to have met, at some previous date, with an untimely end. So little can one judge, from countenance, of the depravity of the human mind! Perhaps Thurtell smiled joyously, in the course of his drive, in that dreadful gig, with Mr. Weare. Listen, a little farther, to what this horrid Charles Harburn is saying to himself—"If the antiquated ruffian would say 'No' at once, I could bear his opposition, and know how to behave; but now, with his talks about Dumbarton being of rock, and Ailsa Craig of granite, while I and Nancy are only flesh and blood,—who can make head or tail of what he means? If I am Dumbarton, he says, for seven years, and Nancy, for the same period, is Ailsa Craig, he will not refuse his consent. I can't see, for my part, how Ailsa Craig and Dumbarton are ever to come together, if all the fathers in Scotland approve the banns; and as to being flesh and blood, of course we are, and not tanned leather and fiddle-strings, like himself! I will marry Nancy Cleghorn as soon as I can, and let the aged pump—Hullo! little boy!" he cried out, interrupting his soliloquy, and pulling up the black steed, which snorted with the excitement, and pawed the ground with impatience to proceed. "What's the matter, my wee man! Has anybody hurt you, that you're greetin' so loud?"

A little boy of ten years old was sitting on the fence at the side of the road, and crying as if his heart would break. Before him lay the fragments of a small wooden tray, and a torn old red cotton handkerchief wrapt round a pair of very clouted shoes. He had never taken the trouble to pick up a few rolls of cotton thread and a broken-toothed comb, which lay mixed with other articles of the same kind in the mud of the narrow footpath.

"Do you hear?" said Charles. "What has happened to you? and why are you in such grief?"

The little boy took the backs of his hands from his eyes, which he had apparently been trying to push deeper into his head with the knuckles, and presented a countenance of utter despair mixed with a good deal of dirt, and, at first, a little alarm.

"Twa men," he sobbed out, "have robbed me, and run awa' with my stock-in-trade."

"It couldn't be very large," said Charles, "and maybe you will find friends who will set you up again."

"I have no friends," said the boy, whose face, when undisturbed by spasms of grief, was very clear and honest. "I never had any friends, and I am thinking I never will have any friends."

"Oh yes, you will—never fear. Tell me all about it, and perhaps something may be done."

"I started from Glasgow," said the boy, "three days since, with my pack."

"How did you get your pack, and what was in it?"

"I got the pack by saving. I was an orphan,—a fundling they call it, because I was left in a field on a farmer's ground at Partick; and when I grew to working age"—

"When might that be?" asked Charles.

"When I was four year auld, I left the byre, where I lived with the calves, and gaed out to frighten craws wi' a rattle. I got threepence a week, and a feed o' sowans every day; and so, ye see, I began to lay by a little siller. The farmer's name was Douglas; and there was a mark on my arm of an anchor and a sinking boat, which they called a brand,—so my name was Douglas Brand; forbye that the minister that christened me said I was plucked from the burning, and put half-a-crown into a wooden box with a slit at the top, to set an example to charitable friends; and when I got to be ten year old—last month, sir—I thought it time to go out into the world and seek my fortune. I can read and write, and ken a' the New Testament by heart, beside the Shorter Catechism and a half o' the Pilgrim's Progress; so with the help of the minister, and the saved-up siller in the box, I bought a stock of knives, and combs, and reels of cotton, and thimbles and shears, and needle-cases and boxes o' pins, and pincushions and writing-paper, and sticks o' wax and pocket-books, and tape and twine. It cost four pound, fourteen, and fourpence, and it's a' gane! Twa shearers, wi' heuks in their hands, asked to see my stock, and when I showed it, they took everything I had,—five knives and sixteen thimbles, and twenty reels of thread. It's a' gone—clean awa'—and I've naithing left but the broken tray and the auld trapkin wi' my Sabbath-day shoon." And at the contemplation of his great losses, he again lifted up his voice and wept.

"And how much would it take to replace you as you were before the rascals robbed you?" said Charles.

"Do you mean cost price?" said the boy, his eye brightening up with the spirit of mercantile enterprise, "or what it would be worth if it was a' sold?"

"Cost price, of course. How much out of the original four pounds, fourteen, and fourpence-worth, had you disposed of?"

"I had cleared one pound three," said the boy, "and not parted with a twelfth part of the stock; but they found the money in my stocking sole—I'll never wear stockings again, for they're just a waste—and took it all, sir. I hae na a farthing in the world."

"Poor lad!" said Charles Harburn. "Here's all your life perhaps broken in your hand, and nobody to help you. But cheer up, man. I'm not very rich; but I'm very happy just now,—and here, we'll share what I've got." So saying, he drew out a purse, and finding there were nine golden guineas in it, he gave four to the boy, and said, "I told you we would share it; but you see it's not very easy, as here are nine Georges, and neither of us has any change."

"We could toss may be for the half one," said Douglas Brand; but so low, that the words escaped the ear of his benefactor, and a blush came to his own cheek when he thought what an ungrateful proposition it was. "Oh, what can I do for you sir?" he said; "you have restored me to all my hopes. My gratitude shall know no end, and I'll think on ye and pray for ye till I die."

"Make a good use of your luck, my little friend," said Harburn, "and that is all the thanks I require. But, by the by, you said you would pray for me. Now you are a very innocent lad; you know your Bible, and you're grateful to the good minister who stood your friend; bow down on your knees, Douglas Brand, up with your hands, my wee laddie, and pray that I may be Dumbarton for seven years if required, and finally be joined to Ailsa Craig."

"It's something like asking a miracle," said the boy; "but if the heart's wishes have any power, my petition will be heard, and many more that I will not cease to make for blessings on you and yours."

I am very happy that you and I did not see the scene that then occurred,—Charles sitting on the back of his now quiet horse, with his hat in his hand, and his head bent reverently down, and Douglas Brand on his knees in the public road, with closed eyes and clasped hands, uttering prayers about Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig, which he did not quite understand, but which rose earnestly and sincerely from a thankful heart, because he believed, in some way or other, these precipitous elevations were connected with the happiness of his friend. We might have been tempted to see something laughable in the attitudes of the two; but perhaps, in the apprehension of a Higher Intelligence, there might have been something not quite worthy of our contemptuous smiles in the sincerity and fervent trust of the young man of twenty-one and the pedler boy. Who knows? A slight shake of the rein, and a merry "Farewell! and success attend you," set Harburn forward on his homeward way at a pace that soon took him out of sight of Douglas Brand.

"I'll write down on the tables o' my heart," said the youth, "the name o' the kind gentleman,—but wae's me, I never asked his name. Oh, how I wish I had asked who he was!—but, at any rate, I will never forget Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig." And he took from a secret pocket in his jacket a tattered old pocket-book that had escaped the notice of his assailants, and wrote down the names of these two well-known rocks, determining to take steps, as soon as he was able, to unravel the mystery that connected them with his generous friend.

After a rapid career of six or seven miles, the black horse turned of its own accord up a narrow side-road, that lay in a very narrow valley between two hills. The country grew wilder as he continued his course along the winding banks of a branching stream; hedges soon ceased; enclosures disappeared from fields; huge hills rose up on either side, with no attempt at cultivation destroying the primitive desolation of their surface,—but suddenly, at an opening of the valley, a

little white gate pointed out a path leading round a promontory of the mountain on the left, and at the end of a small level space, forming a peninsula of very rich land, surrounded on three sides by a sinuosity of the burn, was seen a low white-washed mansion, with smooth green turf on the little lawn in front, and supported on one side by a large orchard, at this moment filled with the richest fruit, and at the other by an ornamental garden, to which there was a descent by a few steps from a room at the west end of the house. Standing on those steps, as if arrested in the act of descending into the garden, a lady waved her hand to the advancing horseman, who leaped lightly from his horse, and putting the reins on his neck, watched him trot off in a very sedate and business-like manner to a stable abutting on the orchard, where a groom was waiting for his arrival. A minute saw Charles in the garden by the side of his mother, with his arm round her waist.

"Before I ask you how you have sped," she said, "I must tell you the great event has happened. You are lieutenant in the regiment we desired, and must leave me in a week."

A start of gratification at the first part of the news was checked by the tone of his mother's voice. It conveyed to him as clearly as if the idea had been expressed in words, "You know how desolate I am, and yet you are delighted to leave me." He was not at all delighted to leave her. He could have stayed with her all his life; only it looked such a shrinking from the duties of his age and station—such a selfish gratification of his love of home, if he continued for ever to reside with his mother, that he had applied for a lieutenant's commission (it was not absolutely necessary in those days to begin with the lower grade) in a regiment at that time engaged in bringing the revolted Americans to submission. And accordingly, in all his day-dreams about Nancy Cleghorn there had been a perpetual glitter of an epaulettes on his shoulders and a clank of sword and spur, which, however, only intruded themselves in a prominent manner when his thoughts dwelt on that young lady's imperturbable papa, whose insight into the human heart we have observed was greatly strengthened by his knowledge of geography.

"In a week?" he said. "Well, we have seven days' happiness before us, dear mother, and I will not allow a cloud to pass over a single hour."

"And therefore you won't tell me how you prospered to-day at Falder Mains."

"On the contrary, I will not conceal a syllable of all that passed. Old George is as great a millstone as ever, but Nancy is true as steel. She says if we're not rich enough to live without employment, she can make as much money as we require by her paintings. And how beautiful they are, mother! What likenesses!—what finish! You'd see what she had made of me on Black Angus. By-the-by, I wonder if they'll let me take him as my charger! I feel sure if Tom Splinters at the turnpike saw the picture at his gate, he would charge toll as if it were alive."

"But painting is a very precarious profession; and, besides, it is not quite the occupation for—"

"Ah! there's some of your nonsensical family pride, because you claim from Robert Bruce. I don't see why painting isn't as gentle a craft as wearing a uniform or pleading at the bar. But who shan't require it. She has only two sisters—I am an only child. Glen Bara is not very valuable; but we could live, mother—we could be happy: we could read, and draw, and walk, and ride, and farm, and feed cattle till they couldn't move—only George Cleghorn talks such nonsense about Dumbarton! How the deuce can I be such a great ugly, frowning mass of Whin! And Nancy—she's to be Ailsa Craig—and then, when we have been petrified for seven years, we are to marry. Seven years!—only think of what an immense time that is!"

And then the young soldier poured out all his indignation on the head of poor old George Cleghorn of Falder Mains. And the mother thought it very unkind of Mr. Cleghorn to be so very careful and distrusting. And many attempts all the week were made to shorten the period of probation. Would three years do?—would five? But no! George Cleghorn was as obstinate as a mule, and Charles Harburn at the appointed time took his way for London to embark for foreign service, with a charming miniature of Nancy suspended by a ribbon and resting night and day upon his heart, and leaving with her his whole-length portrait, mounted on Black Angus, and bearing at one corner the signatures in white paint of the two lovers, under the hated names of Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig, with the date, in fainter letters, seventeen hundred and eighty.

Now, did Charles Harburn ever see Falder Mains again? Did he marry Nancy Cleghorn? Did the flinty-hearted father of that accomplished maiden relent, and send over the sea to tell Charles that as none but the brave deserve the fair, he had determined to bestow his daughter's hand where her heart had so long been placed, in reward of the gallantry he had shown in many a dashing charge? And that his mother, the dear and honored Mrs. Harburn, was in earnest expectation of his return to Glen Bara, which she had had newly painted and decorated in honor of the approaching happy event? It is a pity, my good and curious reader, that you can't examine my countenance before you put these questions. Do you see any symptom of fatuity, or even insanity, in my light gray eyes?—any wandering of intellect in the corners of this rather well-cut mouth? In short, do you suppose I am such a very egregious Tom Noddy as to tell you whether any of these incidents occurred at this particular part of the story? Don't you see that I have to go to America with my hero, and describe his achievements at Camden and Eutaw Springs and York Town—at the latter of which he received that sword-cut on his temple which made him so interesting and left a mark that most people considered a great increase to the manliness of his beauty? Then I have to describe his disagreement with his general, and his duel with the insulting aide-do-

camp; his rescue of his colonel's daughter from the hands of the wild Indians, who were about to tomahawk her first and eat her afterwards. Then his long detention in America by circumstances over which he had no control—his appointment to a difficult and dangerous command in Canada—his adventure in the boat at the edge of Niagara Falls—all these things I shall relate in the order here set down, if I see any necessity for doing so; and I do most positively decline to depart from what I consider the proper course of my narrative merely to gratify a petulant curiosity as to whether certain things happened at a certain time, with which it strikes me the reader has nothing whatever to do, except to read, with profound admiration, when the secret is at last confidentially communicated. How do I know that if he were discontented with the answer I gave him, he wouldn't at once shut up the page, and perhaps fly to an account of the Queen's last Drawing Room in the *Morning Post*? It is therefore, perhaps, my best policy to be as uncommunicative as possible.

I will only say that when Charles had been about two years absent he received a letter from his mother, in which, alluding to her communication of the month before, she says, "You have recovered the shock of my sad intelligence, I dare say. In fact, I always wondered you were so particular in that quarter—but there is no accounting for tastes. Last Sunday it was so fine that I ventured once more into the saddle and rode over to Falder Church. An excellent sermon from Mr. McTavish, but in so strong an accent that if I had not spent some part of my youth in the Highlands, I should not have understood what he said. For the first time, I saw Major Nobbs. He is very yellow, and has been thirty years in India in the service of a Nizam of some place which I cannot spell, and very rich, they say. He would wed. They say, also, he came into the kirk under protest, as he has imbibed some very strange notions in the East, and some people say he is a Mohammedan, and proposed for all three, but George would only consent to his marrying Nancy. So they are off next week for their honeymoon in a ship that sails from Liverpool; and Nancy leaves a portrait of him, dressed in a very wonderful uniform. It is to hang over the dining-room mantelpiece, and looks very like the sign of the Saracen's Head. The bride seems quite happy, and I hope this letter will find you the same." It did. The last mail had knocked him down for a whole week. But now he was in such exuberant spirits that a report got spread in the regiment that he had succeeded to a baronetcy and ten thousand a-year. He attended every ball that was given far or near—flirted in a very violent manner with any girl who would listen, talked disparagingly of love and constancy on all occasions, and was observed one night suddenly to burst into a fit of laughter and something very like sobs. Then he laid aside for the first time a small miniature of a blue-eyed, red-lipped, light-haired female, which he had always sedulously concealed, but which he now swore was a likeness of an aunt who died young. So he was thought a youth of strong family affection

to be so moved by a portrait of his mother's sister; and, besides, I have always heard his mother was an only child. I have very little doubt, therefore, that the ringlets and bright eyes belonged to Nancy Cleghorn, now Mrs. Major Nobbs.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a man of the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of a pettifogging lawyer in Ajaccio, who made a remarkable disturbance at the beginning of this century. He upset several thrones and set them up again—altered the balance of power, kept the world in awe, and also made the fortunes of Brand, Bustle, and Co., the army-contractors in Wapping. That little Corsican and adventurer never raised an army without putting hundreds of thousands of pounds into the pockets of this respectable firm. If he won a battle in Italy, there came such a flood of wealth into Wapping that it seemed as if he must be a sleeping partner in the concern, and thrashed the Austrians merely on purpose to increase the profits of trade. Mr. Brand lived in Grosvenor Square, and went down to Wapping every day in a splendid carriage, with two footmen on the box beside the coachman, and two more hanging on behind. The aristocracy felt some surprise that a man of Mr. Brand's family should condescend to trade, but they were reconciled to it by the immensity of the income he realized, and the great scale on which his transactions were carried on. If he had dealt in single hams or disposed occasionally of a stone or two of beef he would have been viewed in a very different light—but a man who filled three large ships with hams, which never reached their destination, and three more with powdered beef, which always, by some unaccountable means, was paid for before it started, and never was heard of again, either by the estimable government officer who handed over the money, or the army for whose benefit it was supposed to be shipped. A man who did business by the shipload and received his payments by the twenty thousand pounds, rose out of the category of tradesmen altogether, and became a potentate—a power—a visible representative of the inexhaustible wealth of England. So Mr. Brand was looked on as an embodiment of all the taxes; and it was felt, while we had twenty or thirty army-contractors rolling in such countless wealth from the mere profits of supplying beef and hams, that Britons never, never, never could be slaves. I have said the aristocracy were at first a little scandalized by pigs and oxen being salted and sold by a person of Mr. Brand's family. And this may perhaps be accepted as an answer to the celebrated question of "What's in a name?" If Mr. Brand had been Mr. Snooks—nay, if Mr. Douglas Brand had been Mr. Snooks Brand, no one would have wondered at his trading in oxen and pigs. But having had the opportunity some years before of lending a little temporary assistance to one of the chiefs of the Douglass family, he received various letters of thanks from that grateful nobleman, asking further time for the payment of interest, and acknowledging the near relationship that existed

between them; and as the younger branches of that wide-spread clan applied for similar assistance and made their acknowledgment in the same way, it came at last to be universally known that Mr. Brand was a cousin, more or less removed, to many of the heads of that illustrious house; and I happen to know he acted the part of "uncle" to some who were not so high up on the family-tree, but who still were in possession of some of the ancestral jewels, and had inherited portions of the family plate. But, uncle or cousin, he was equally a relative, and, therefore, when in eighteen hundred and fifteen, to mark the country's appreciation of his services in having amassed a fortune of half a million of money, he was created a baronet, by the style and title of Sir Douglas Brand, there was a pretty general feeling that the days of chivalry were restored, and that Britannia had less to fear than ever on the subject of slavery, or of any interruption in her hereditary occupation of ruling the waves.

Amongst the strongest believers in the stability of his country and the perfection of all her institutions, was Sir Douglas Brand himself. A nation which gave such an open career to all her sons—which enabled a person, as he said at public dinners, to rise from obscurity and insignificance to the highest positions in church and state,—a nation that did this was the glory of her own children and the envy of surrounding states. It was a clearly demonstrated fact, therefore, to him and others of his class, that the dignity and power of England consisted in the number of people who, by dint of lucky contracts and judicious purchases in the funds, rose to wealth and eminence. They looked, accordingly, on the Helder Expedition of seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, where the commissariat was enriched though the army was forced to capitulate; and the still more brilliant expedition to Walcheren in eighteen hundred and nine, when the army was exterminated, but the variations of the funds doubled the fortunes of fifteen or twenty jobbers in Wapping and elsewhere,—as the noblest trophies of a free constitution, and they rolled off to church in their respective carriages on the day of fast and humiliation (which was appointed by authority) to throw upon Providence the blame for the want of quinine in the marshes of Holland, and of military skill in the Earl of Chatham. Waterloo was a sad day for Lombard Street, and nearly shut up the counting-houses in Wapping. Sir Douglas withdrew his capital from the food-market, and nursed it in mortgages and loans. He came to an arrangement with Brand, Bustle, and Co., by which he bereft them of the glory of his name, and retired from any responsibility. He left, however, a considerable amount of capital in their hands, and stipulated for a weekly inspection of their books, and a voice in the conduct of their business. Money in this manner accumulating—rank secured—friends gathered round him—and a long career apparently open before him if he chose to enter Parliament, by the purchase of half-a-dozen boroughs,—it is curious to say that by one of those odd eccentricities of the human mind for which nobody can account, the honor-

able baronet sickened of the grandeurs of Grosvenor Square, neglected sometimes for a whole week the alternations of the funds, and the sales of exchange, and kept his mind perpetually fixed on a vision of the Lanarkshire hill, and a young horseman who had been useful to him on a certain interesting occasion. He recalled the features and the form; the name, if he had ever known it, he had entirely forgotten. Thirty-five years had passed, and such thirty-five years of war and struggle, and hopes and fears, and rises and falls, and eventual success, as were sufficient, one would think, to have buried the transaction altogether. But no—clear as if before his bodily eyes, arose the outline of Falder Hill,—the long high road, bordered with a strip of grass,—the coal-black horse,—the kind-faced cavalier,—the four golden guineas! And one day there appeared in the Times newspaper an advertisement, stating that, "If the gentleman who, in seventeen hundred and eighty, bestowed his generous aid on an unfortunate pedler boy, was still alive, and would apply at Messrs. Dot and Carry's, Broad Street, London, he would hear of something to his advantage."

Ah! Charlie Harburn, why don't you read the Times newspaper! but what use would there be in reading it from end to end? Has your life been less adventurous than Sir Douglas Brand's? Has your memory retained its freshness more than his? Alas! not the faintest line remains of pedler boy or generous aid; you might hear the story told and never recognize yourself as the performer of that good deed. Many a good deed have you performed since then; much generous trust you have shown; many a friend you have helped, and met with little gratitude in return; and now your heart has got rather hard,—you don't believe in the flesh impulses of youth and the tender sympathy of the yet unwasted feelings. You would say, if you heard of a young man dividing his moderately-filled purse with a weeping pedler boy, "What a fool the fellow was! I'll bet you he came to poverty in his old age, and he deserved it, the thoughtless coxcomb!" Is that the way you teach your own son—another Charles Harburn, now eighteen years of age, a cadet at Woolwich, and handsomer, if possible, than his father, nearly as kind to all, and as radiant and full of hope as you yourself were on that August day in seventeen hundred and eighty, when you rode black Angus, and were so filled with admiration for Nancy Cleg-horn?

Major Harburn lived the life of a hermit in his poor old dwelling of Glen Bara. His wife, the daughter of his colonel, had died some sixteen years before, and as he sat over the fire on winter nights, a confusion sometimes came into his head between the maiden he had loved so ardently at home, and the gentle Canadian girl, whom he had married, and who had left him so soon. Their features got mixed on the wondrous canvas, whereon our fancy paints the incidents of the past; for Fancy has more to do with the scenes of our joyous youth, than mere prosaic recollection. Imagination and memory are twins, and amazingly like each other. Sometimes he took a meditative ride over the scenes of his early

happiness, and wandered with loosened rein and thoughts flying far back into the past, among the fields of Falder Mains. George Cleghorn had long passed away, and the property now belonged to a captain in the Indian army of the name of Nobbs—only son of the late Sir Hildebrand Nobbs, who had died full of honors and the liver-complaint, leaving the estate which he had obtained in right of his wife to his sole representative; and his picture—a full length in the uniform of the Nizam's body-guard—painted by Lady Nobbs, to be hung in the town hall of his native town, where it is still to be seen by the curious, and where the frame is very much admired. It chanced one day in August of the memorable year one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, to which I have now brought this narrative, that Major Harburn, under the impulse of one of those fits of sentiment, which in the intervals of more serious fits of gout and rheumatism, sometimes seize even an old gentleman of fifty-six, had ridden over hills and valleys, and was sauntering up the avenue of Falder Mains, when his attention was attracted by an unusual bustle at the door of that usually quiet and deserted mansion. There was a post-chaise in the stable-yard, there was a gig on the lawn; and pacing in front, were two men measuring the ground, and one man, still perched in the gig, was taking down the number of feet, as ascertained by the measurer's tape, all the windows were open, the hall-door was wide ajar. There were men in the different rooms making a great noise with hammers, and trundling about of old chairs and sofas. The major dismounted, and for the first time for five and thirty years, entered the well-known house. Alas! that stone and mortar, timber and glass, even paint and paper should remain so unchanged when time has such an effect upon our noble selves. There was the old piano, there were the oaken chairs, here were the glazed prints, all recognizable; and standing among them all, bent in the back, dim in the eyes, short in the breadth, and bald in the head—more out of tune than the piano, more old-fashioned than the furniture—was Charles Harburn, whom nobody could identify with the young lover of other days—no, not his mother, if she were still alive—no, nor Nancy, who once had all his features by heart—scarcely indeed himself if he had suddenly seen in the glass, some morning when he was shaving, the presentment of the merry-eyed young man, who had been so happy and so admired in these old rooms before he joined the army.

It was not a pleasant visit, and he turned to go. In the passage were three or four people carrying parcels, work-boxes, footstools, and other things; and he drew back to let them pass. The post-chaise was drawn up to the door. He heard a voice say: "You'll pack up all the framed pictures, and send them to my address at Cheltenham. The prints are to be taken at a valuation." And the major saw the speaker mount into the chaise with some difficulty. Her back was very broad; she wore a bonnet, big enough and high enough to have done duty as an umbrella; she wore a brown velvet pelisse, though the thermometer was at eighty in the

shade; and when her maid had followed into the carriage, and sat down on the top of various packages, with which the seat was encumbered, the chaise drove off, and Harburn went out to his horse. A man who had left off the measurements, held the bridle while he mounted.

"Great doings here, apparently," said the major, giving the man a shilling.

"Deed, aye, sir, A' th' auld folk is getting rooted out, and the Londoners will come down in a body, and tak' Lanarkshire a' to themselves."

"The place is sold, then?"

"Have you no heard that?" said the laborer, involuntarily despising the old man for his ignorance, in spite of the shilling which he still kept in his hand. "Sir Douglas Brand has bought it, and Middenstrae Haughs, and as far on as the Duke's; and they say he's in treaty for half the county to the north, so he'll have mair land than a' the nobility; and so he's measuring here for a house that's to be the size o' Drumlayrig, and the family is going to have a sale, and very nice lots there'll be, though I dinna think that the pictures will be much missed, notwithstanding the auld woman seems to think they're worth a' the rest of the goods."

"The auld woman?" enquired Major Harburn.

"Aye, Leddy Nobbs, that was her that sticket sae lang in the coach door; she was ane o' auld George Cleghorn's daughters, and was married on upon a black man that lived far awa' in India. Some folk think he was a cannibal, but I canna think that, tho' he's an awful sight to look on. That's him wi' the row of yellow teeth, and the brown skin, hanging above the mantelpiece. She canna have been a great judge o' beauty, or men maun have been unco scant."

Major Harburn made no reply, but slowly rode down the avenue. It is astonishing how little impression this curious incident made on him. He had heard his Nancy's voice again, he had seen her figure, and, instantly, all the past disappeared. He did not believe in the reality of his insane admiration for a broad-backed woman of sixteen stone, who had to be pushed by main force through the door of a post-chaise; and one resolution he immediately made and carried into effect the moment he got home, which was to take, burn, or otherwise destroy the miniature of his aunt—the fair-haired, small-waisted, blue-eyed female—which had hung by a silk ribbon so long about his neck, and which was still preserved in a very secret drawer of his escritoire, and occasionally looked at when he wanted to recal the air, the features, the expression of Nancy Cleghorn.

Impatient to visit his purchases in Lanarkshire; impatient to see once more the Falder Hill—in sight of which his broken fortunes had been restored—Sir Douglas Brand posted down from London, and after sleeping on the previous night at Moffat, proceeded along the road towards his newly acquired property on this very day, the anniversary of that in seventeen hundred and eighty, to which he always looked back as the foundation of his fortune. He got out of the carriage, which he ordered to go slowly on, and walked along the footpath for several miles.

Looking on the right hand, looking on the left, he thought at last he identified the very spot where the men had robbed him, where his whole possessions lay in fragments at his feet, and where the young horseman had restored him to wealth and hope. To verify it still more, he paused at what he considered the identical scene; there was a hedge-row there as before; he stepped quietly off the road, and sat down on the grassy bank. He sank into himself, and buried his face in his hands, giving himself up to the contemplation of the years that had passed since then. He heard nothing, saw nothing, but sat immovable with his hands over his face.

"I hope you are not unwell, sir," said a kind voice at the side of the road.

"Not at all," said Sir Douglas Brand, rising up as if ashamed of his emotion. "I was only resting after having walked a few miles to see the beautiful scenery. My carriage is gone on."

"It is waiting at the turn of the road," said Major Harburn, a little repelled by the coldness of the stranger's tone, and his ostentatious allusion to his carriage. He lifted his hat and rode on. On this very day appeared a second advertisement in the Times. "The gentleman who in seventeen hundred and eighty, gave his generous aid to a pedler boy, on the high road in Lanarkshire, is probably dead; but if his son, if any, will address Messrs. Dot and Carry, Broad Street, London, and verify the incident, he will hear of something very much to his advantage."

"I will pay over twenty thousand pounds to him at once," said Sir Douglas, as he stepped into his carriage, "and if he takes a fancy to Mary—ah, well! there's no saying what might be done."

Now I have forgot to tell you that in the year eighteen hundred the rich contractor married—for love. Yes, the bright flashing eyes of Signora Estrella Nunez, the daughter of a Spanish refugee from Cadiz, conquered the susceptible heart of Douglas Brand. Her father had had every farthing of his fortune confiscated, and certain bills on the Spanish treasury were ignominiously repudiated, and his estates, which were of considerable extent, seized as the goods of a traitor, so that Don Jacinto Nunez was very glad to convey all the valueless documents and nominal securities as a portion to his only child, receiving from his generous son-in-law, in the meantime, an annuity of one hundred a year. It is so good and sometimes so politic, to be generous.—When a few years had passed, and Don Jacinto had died, and Trafalgar had been fought, and Holy Juntas were established in the Peninsula, the bills upon the Spanish treasury were acknowledged by the liberating government, and paid for out of the English subsidies advanced by Brand, Bustle, and others. The lands were restored, and sold for ready money, and Mrs. Brand's allowance increased to a thousand a year, in consequence of her turning out an heiress. Her enjoyment of this sum was, however, very short, and the widower turned all his affection upon his only child—christened out of compliment to Don Jacinto, Maria de Compostella, but known by the father's heart, only as his little Mary.—Deep foundations were dug, high strong walls

were raised, fences were thrown down, whole farms were turned into a park, and thousands of acres of valuable land; and millions, I was going to say, of mountain and heath, formed the domain round Falder Castle. Other lands were added. Small proprietors bought out—or their tenures made uncomfortable by quarrels about boundaries, and law-suits about manorial rights. And among the rest, persecution raged fierce and hot against poor old Major Harburn, who declined to part with his little estate of Glen Bara, though he was invited to fix his own price. He liked the place, his son liked it. It had been in their family four hundred years—so they said and believed—and no amount of money that an honest man could ask, would repay them for the loss of the hereditary soil. Sir Douglas Brand had distanced all competitors in making money by an inadequate supply of beef and ham to the British army. His efforts had put at least twenty thousand gallant men to death, who might have lived long and happily, if the stores had been of prime quality, or properly distributed where required; and he was not to be defeated now by a proud old major, whose worldly substance would not have purchased the bristles of the pigs on whose carcasses Sir Douglas had grown so fat, and the Walcheren expedition so lean. So he bullied and threatened, and fortunately discovered that not many years before this, the proprietor of Glen Bara had mortgaged his estate to enable him to lend some money to a friend, for the purchase of his step, which money had never been repaid, for his friend had perished in battle, and the noble and paternal British government had kept the money he had paid for his promotion. The army contractor was in his element again. He found out the holder of the mortgage, he had it transferred into his own name, with all the arrears. He wrote a notice that he should require the money at once, or that he would be forced to foreclose. And the major, who by this time was more bent than ever, more rheumatic, more gouty, more short in the breath, more bald in the head, and quite as ignorant of business, was thrown into great distress. He grew ill, a fever made him for a few days delirious, and then left him so weak, that the farrier, who came over to see a lame cart-horse, thought he couldn't live long, and advised the house-keeper to send for Master Charles.

Three years have passed since Sir Douglas's first appearance. It was now the warm and genial month of August once more; and while poor Major Harburn was dying at Glen Bara, the Baronet was in the noble library of Falder Castle, with a map of his territory before him, in the centre of which, colored bright red, to distinguish it from the brand property, was enclosed the angular, independent-looking, and diminutive Glen Bara. This was the Mordecai at the gate that made all Sir Haman's happiness of no effect. He struck his hand on the red-colored enclosure. "I will have you in green, like the rest, before a week is out. I will turn this proud major out of house and home. If he refuses the price I offer, I will seize it by legal process;" and he looked in a very self-satisfied manner

towards a tin case on one of the shelves, in which reposed the mortgage he had lately bought. As if the business were already concluded, by means of this energetic declaration of his intention, he determined to go out for a walk among his newly-planted gardens and newly-levelled fields.—On passing the housekeeper's room, he heard voices. Sir Douglas was never above picking up information. He paused and listened.

"He is the handsomest man I ever saw," said the housekeeper; "don't you think so, Miss Mary?"

"The horse, Mrs. Elgett, the horse is handsomer than the man. I never saw such a noble horse. Where did you get it?"

"I found it with a great deal of rubbish left by the late family in a room above the stable. I was struck with the beautiful man, and have pasted it on the wall. I wish just such another youth would present himself here, Miss Mary.—What would you do then?"

"You are a foolish old woman," said Sir Douglas, entering the room, "and you, Mary, I'm ashamed of your listening to such nonsense."

"See, papa," said Mary, "it is only a daub of a young man and—"

But here the beautiful lips of Mary Brand grew rigid with surprise, the blood left her cheek, and she said,

"Father! what's the matter? are you ill?"

"Who did this?" said Sir Douglas, gazing on the portrait. "The same look and form! Have I been ungrateful? Have I forgotten you? No! not for an hour. Come, take all! you shall share it with me!"

"Father, father! oh! what does this mean?"

"It means that he is there! That—that's the man I have longed to see for forty years! Who is he? What is his name? Ten thousand pounds to the person who brings me to his presence!"

"Alas! sir, see the date," said Mary, "seventeen hundred and eighty; and the name's in white paint—Dumbarton, Ailsa Craig."

"I remember," cried Sir Douglas, "he made me pray that they might be united. I had forgotten the names; but now it is all clear. Do you know whose likeness it is? Does any one on the estate? Find out, and I will reward them beyond their dreams."

And for an hour he gazed on the poor old presentment of Charles Harburn, mounted on black Angus, painted in the joyous time by Nancy Cleghorn, and shamefully left neglected in a lumber-room of Falder Mains by the much-changed Lady Nobbs. After he had set all engines at work to find out the original, he ordered the carriage, and by way of diverting his thoughts, determined to take his daughter with him, and show her the small property he was so soon to get possession of; though, we must remark, that he never informed the young lady of the means by which he hoped to obtain Glen Bara.

Meanwhile, faint and slow came the breath of Major Harburn. He lay on a sofa in the parlor and looked out upon the opposite hill, apparently counting the shadows of the clouds that flitted over its face. An unprofitable occupation if he had been engaged in it; but his thoughts

were elsewhere—with his young wife in Canada. Beside his bed, there she lay, cold—in the little churchyard. Then they went farther back, and he was running out and in at Falder Mains.—Nancy met him at the door, and made up by kind looks and warm hand-shakes, for the cold reception of old George. He walked with her in the woods, and they exchanged their vows; and then a great broad-backed old lady stuck in the door of a post-chaise; and a lawyer's letter presented itself, with threats of immediate expulsion from his home.

"I must die here," he cried of a sudden. "I will die nowhere else. Will Charlie never come?"

As if in answer to his wish, wheels stopped at the door. His son, now aged twenty-one, dressed in his blue frock and stiff red collar and cuffs of his regiment, entered the room and knelt at the side of the sofa.

"You come, Charlie," said the major, "too late to lengthen out my life, but not too late to let me die in peace. Ride—ride to Falder Mains—they call it Castle, now—but ride, I tell you.—Tell the proud man there that I am dying fast, but that I wish to die where I have lived—where my mother—where we have all died. Ask him not to refuse me this. It won't delay him long. Go, go; the black horse is kept saddled on purpose. You will be back again in two hours."

Sir Douglas Brand sat silent by the side of his daughter Mary. Ah! what a pretty girl she was! What Spanish eyes, spreading Andalusian sunshine over English cheeks! For she was surprisingly fair in the complexion, and yet dark as midnight in eyes and hair. And good, too; and clever. And, at the present moment, very much surprised at her father's behavior. That hard man's heart had been touched by the sight of the picture. He now was absorbed in happy recollections. He told his daughter as much of his previous history as his pride would let him reveal. He said, that at a certain part of the road a piece of good fortune had befallen him, from which he dated all his prosperity. He did not say what it was, but he pulled up the carriage, and helped her to dismount, and took her arm lovingly in his, and walked along the footway; and when they came to the grass bank he had sat upon—tramp! tramp! tramp! There comes the sound of a horse's hoofs at speed! The horseman, as he approached, pulled up, out of respect to the lady; and Sir Douglas, turning round, gazed on the exact counterpart of the scene that had filled his heart for so many a year. There was the same noble-looking youth—the same kind expression—the same graceful figure. The black horse was moving slowly on.

"In the name of Heaven!" cried Sir Douglas, tell me who you are! You have haunted me from that hour to this!—aye, since the time when you gave me the four golden guineas until now that I am Sir Douglas Brand, with half the lands of the county in my hands!"

"You, then, are Sir Douglas Brand," said Charles, dismounting. "I was on my way to wait on you, with a most humble petition."

"No, no!" said the old man, still wandering in his thoughts, "not a petition to me; I cannot hear it."

"Perhaps the young lady," said Charles, "will exert her influence on behalf of my poor father. He is dying, sir,—dying in poverty, and without a friend—except myself; and I am as powerless as he. All he asks is leave to die at home. Oh! don't turn him out for the few days he may have to live!"

"Your father? Your father? Ay! It was nearly forty years ago. His name?"

"The same as my own," said the young soldier, "Charles Harburn of Glen Barn."

"We are on our way to Glen Barn," replied Sir Douglas. "We will go with you. This must be done by no hands but mine."

"Father," said Charles, gently opening the parlor-door, "don't let the news agitate you. Sir Douglas Brand and his daughter are come here to see you."

"He is a tyrant—an oppressor. I won't see him," said the major, raising his head from the sofa where he lay.

"But he repents—he is changed and softened, now," said the baronet himself, going up to the invalid. "We have met before. It is not my fault we have not discovered we were friends."

"May I die in my own house?" inquired the major, scarcely comprehending his visitor's language.

"If wealth can keep you alive—if kindness can prolong your days—you shall not die, my truest friend and earliest benefactor. I have discovered you at last! Don't you remember our prayer together, in the road, near Falder Hill, that Heaven would join Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig?"

A light shone in the major's eye—a smile came to his lips. "I remember," he said; "it all comes back to me at once. I was riding black Angus. There was a little boy in misery. I relieved him. And Nancy—you wouldn't believe it, sir,—she went off and married an old piece of mahogany, of the name of Nobbs; and three years ago I saw her in Falder Mains. She was Ailsa Craig. We never came together. So the prayer, you see, was useless."

"Perhaps not," said Sir Douglas, looking towards Charles and Mary; it seems to me quite possible, Major Harburn, that the union may still take place. But in the meantime we must devote ourselves to the restoration of your health. You shall find Glen Barn as clear from debt as on the day when you took possession. The sum you advanced me was a loan which has prospered greatly. As the first instalment, I will pay over to your son, to-morrow, twenty thousand pounds—and I am ready to mortgage Mary as security for the rest."

CANAL COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE BLACK SEA AND THE DANUBE.

It is stated that Mr. Thomas Wilson, formerly a Dutch merchant, has proposed a plan for opening a canal communication between the Black Sea and the Danube from a point in the Bay of Custendje to a part of the river between Chernavoda and Rassova, the line followed being nearly identical with that of the remains of Trajan's Wall. The distance to be traversed would be little more than 30 miles, and the route would effect a saving of about 250 miles by navigation in transporting produce from Servia, Bulgaria, and most parts of Wallachia, while it would also have the advantage of being away from the neighborhood of Russia. Mr. Wilson is said to have sent out some engineers a few weeks ago to survey the locality; and it is added that the Turkish authorities in London look favorably upon the project. The idea of constructing a canal at the St. George's mouth of the Danube, to escape the impediments purposely accumulated by the Russians at the Sulina mouth, has often in past years attracted attention; but, if the face of the country should be nearly as favorable for such a work at Custendje, the general superiority of that point would seem to be very great.

EDUCATION OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Nothing can be worse than the situation of affairs in this quarter at present. The subject of the Princess Charlotte of Wales is drawing to a crisis. The Prince had originally agreed to her

education being conducted under the care and protection of the King. He has now completely flown from his engagement, and refuses to allow her to come here, or to be subject to any other control or advice than what he may himself dictate. You may imagine how this step distresses and agitates the whole family, who naturally dread what may be the consequences of it. I must say, knowing as I do, the whole of the circumstances, and which I cannot commit to paper, the Prince's conduct is most flagrant, and in my opinion ill-advised. He undoubtedly not only by word of mouth, and under his hand, and by commission, engaged himself over and over to allow the King to undertake the education of the child, and now, upon the proposals (of the system intended) being laid before him, he not only rejects them, but denies his engagement.—*The Duke of Buckingham's Court and Cabinets of George III.*

A HARD SKULL.—In the Callao (Peru) News of February 10th we read as follows:—"The approaching carnival season promises to be rich, rare, and racy in its character. By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that a battling match is in contemplation between the steward of the Wild Pigeon and a ram celebrated for his strength and courage. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the challenging party is a colored man. Some idea of the strength of his skull may be formed from the fact of his having, a day or two since, butted in the head of a porter cask, upon which a heavy hammer would make no impression."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE WOMEN AND THE SALONS OF FRANCE,
UNDER THE EMPIRE, THE RESTORATION,
AND THE MONARCHY OF JULY.

CARDINAL MAZARIN said to Don Louis de Haro, at the time of the peace of the Pyrenees: "How lucky you are in Spain: there, women are satisfied with being coquettish or devout; they obey their lover or their confessor, and interfere with nothing else. But here, they wish to govern the State. We have three such: the Duchess of Chevreuse, the Princess Palatine, and the Duchess of Longueville, women who would overthrow empires by their intrigues."

The Chancellor Maupeou used to say that women could not understand politics more than geese. A Duke of Wurtemberg held the intelligence of the fair sex in equally low estimation. His wife having ventured an observation upon the war which he had to sustain against Swabia, "Madame," he said, "we took you to give us a successor, and not to give us advice."

Jean V. of Brittany averred that a woman knew all that was wanted of her "quand elle savoit mettre différence entre la chemise et le pourpoint de son mary." Molière has dramatized this historical saying, related by Montaigne, in his "Femmes Savantes."

Nos pères, sur ce point, étaient gens bien sensés, Qui disaient qu'une femme en sait toujours assez Quand la capacité de son esprit se hausse
A connaître un pourpoint d'avec un haut-de-chausse.

In a letter of the 6th of November, 1806, the Emperor Napoleon I. wrote to Josephine: "You appear to be annoyed at the bad things I say of women. It is true I hate intriguing women above all things. I am accustomed to women who are good, mild, and conciliating; those are the women I like."

Always ready to enter the lists with the conqueror of Italy, Madame de Staël asked him one day, in a large circle of society, who in his estimation was the first woman in the world, dead or alive?

"Celle qui a fait le plus d'enfants," answered Napoleon, smiling.

Notwithstanding these records of ungallant attacks made by authority upon the fair sex, Dr. Véron justly remarks, that in France women have always exercised a certain empire upon society as it existed in their time; they have known how to change their parts, their attitudes, and their seductions under different régimes; and, at many epochs of French history, they have even pretended to govern the State.*

*Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris. Par Le Docteur Veron. Tome Sixieme.

The empire of women was of brief duration at the breaking out of the revolution of 1789: the salons, at that epoch so numerous, so brilliant, and a few nights previously so powerful were speedily dispersed by brutal and threatening influences—those of the clubs and the street; influences which put to the rout all assemblages which required a certain quietude for their effective development.

Madame de Staël, at that time in her *première jeunesse*, made an attempt, during the administration of M. de Narbonne and of the Legislative Assembly, to exercise a certain influence upon that assembly in her salon, and to rally and to direct its principal members, as at a later period was done, in the midst of the animated but regular movements of a constitutional monarchy. These precocious political re-unions were overthrown by the same impetuous torrent which carried away the throne of the 10th of August.

The vast influence of Madame Roland's salon is now a matter of history. This remarkable woman, clever and ambitious, ruled over the men of her party as if she had been their chief. She was the first who endeavored to organize the bourgeoisie of France of '89. She was in the possession of more graces and amiability than is generally supposed, but her projects for the future, perchance reasonable, but certainly premature, were quickly upset by catastrophes. There were no more salons when the scaffold became permanent!

Women, however, began to regain power the moment the days of Terror had gone by. The beauties of the epoch, among whom Madame Tallien occupies historically the first rank, assured their empire by the pity and humanity shown to the victims. The goodness of their hearts, the cynical ex-Director of the Opera would make us believe, sympathizing with all forms of suffering, *les entraînait même à de faciles tendresses!*

Under the Directory, Madame de Staël saw, on her return from Switzerland, the leaders of all shades of the old party reassembled in her salons. Her doors were only closed to the Jacobins. The author of "Corinne" was indebted for this great influence to the remarkable qualities of her heart and intellect, to an indefatigable activity, and to a certain prodigality of herself and of her sentiments. Those even whom she pleased least capitulated in the long run. She succeeded in bringing within the sphere of her attractions every person of distinction or renown. But these re-unions, where Madame de Staël pretended to reign and govern, were deemed to be incompatible with the new order of things. Exiled to Switzerland, she regretted there for a long time her salon in Paris, or, as she used to call it, her rivulet of the Rue du Bac.

The Consulat saw several salons of more or

less importance open their doors, and allowed them to exist. Madame de Montesson, widow of a Duke of Orleans, whose wife she had been, as Madame de Maintenon had been the wife of Louis XIV., assembled at her soirées persons attached to different parties, and sought to effect a fusion between different *régimes*. Madame de Montesson, friend of the Beauharnais, showed herself devoted to the Bonapartes, and she made converts among the emigrants, and even among the great names of the old nobility, to the new order of things.

At this epoch, the graces, the charms, and the intelligence of Madame Récamier, attracted within her circle a polished and amiable society, but more of a literary than of a political cast.

Under the Empire, the women whose society was most courted, who took the first places at the imperial court, and who graced the brilliant assemblies of the staff on days of festivals, revelled in that great and rich beauty, which inspires neither elegies, nor madrigals, nor sonnets, but which moves the senses before either heart or intellect know anything about it.

Madame la Duchesse de Bassano, Madame la Comtesse Duchâtel, Madame Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, Madame la Duchesse de Vicence, Madame Visconti; and, in second rank, many a préfet's wife, give us an idea of that beauty which is compatible with elegance, and grace, but which, in order to conquer, disdains to borrow anything from the imagination, from the refinements of mind, or from all those subtle and studied coquetties which are requisite to impart passion in calmer and more tranquil epochs.

The numerous varieties, and different shades of beauty, are in all times represented among women; but the diverse *régimes* that govern society only place in the foremost rank those whose beauty, so to say, shows itself to be in perfect accordance with the spirit, with the ideas, it might almost be said with the philosophy, of the time. Thus, under the Empire, an upright, imposing bearing, a Greek outline, a look full of fire, a power of attraction which would no more admit of being questioned than the bravery of French warriors, some sense and intelligence,—but an intelligence unclouded by chimeras or vain misgivings, keeping within the circle marked out for it, appreciating only positive things, and preferring in love a sustained heroism to a languishing sentimentality,—such were, in the first years of the century, the principal moral and physical features of the women who were celebrated by their triumphs in salons, as also perhaps by the glory of those who loved them.

The women of the Empire entertained the most tender enthusiasm, the most sympathizing weakness for living illustrations of the field

of battle; for those brilliant officers whose persons revealed force, vigor, and courage. The Lauzuns of that epoch were so many heroes.

Nevertheless, towards the end of the imperial *régime*, a new group of women gathered round Queen Hortense, and, taking after her, came under the influence of more refined graces, and more chaste and delicate sensibilities.

A new reign of women was inaugurated with the Restoration: Clever women, with some pretensions to beauty, aristocratic manners, and a simplicity which took uncommonly, shone with great lustre in the salons, where they were surrounded with homages and distinguished by a discreet and reputable celebrity. Lamartine came, and the political, the poetic and literary woman, once more took the lead. It would be necessary to resuscitate the different classes, the different opinions of societies, as at that time constituted, to do justice to all the women that were then met with, distinguished in their own circles and their own little worlds, and who rivalled with one another in charms, in wit, and in emulation.

After the renowned salons of Madame de Montcalm, Madame de Duras, and a few others, which M. de Villemain has lately described, with expressions of deep regret for times now gone by, a whole youthful world might be quoted, who, bursting into bloom under the Restoration, heralded its chief features by a poetic physiognomy, a graceful melancholy, and a Christian philosophy.

Who has not seen a young woman with light hair at the balls of Madame the Duchess of Berry, gliding lightly by, scarcely touching the ground, every movement impressed with so much elegance that one was struck with her gracefulness before knowing she was a beauty? Who then recognized the young Marchioness of Castries, and cannot now embody the idea of that youthful, charming, aerial beauty, which was applauded and honored in the salons of the Restoration? The society of the time, which had been carried away by the sentimental Elvira of the "*Méditations*," was less terrestrial and less pagan in its tastes than it had been in the time of the Empire. Nevertheless, the grandiose and imposing style of beauty was still worthily upheld, with the aid of a certain elegance derived from blood and descent, by the Duchess of Guiche, since Duchess of Grammont. A young girl was also at the same epoch much sought after in all the aristocratic salons, where she was not less admired for her rare and splendid beauty than she was for that poetic talent which made of her "*la Muse de la Patrie*."

Political men were at that time entertained, if not presided over, in the salons of Madame de Saint Aulaire and of the young Duchess of Broglie. There was in these two distinguished

ladies a delightful harmony of intelligence and thought, and of elevated and religious sentiments not incompatible with worldly and political pursuits.

The somewhat despotic power of handsome swordsmen was put down in the boudoirs and salons. There were other things to talk about besides duels, bulletins of the *grande armée*, and cavalry charges. Celebrated preachers, bishops of a rather worldly turn, people of talent and of irreproachable character, and political men of a certain importance, were now the chief persons who obtained favor in these eloquent and aristocratic assemblies.

Fashionable ladies even attended the more interesting debates of the Chamber of Deputies. Each orator filled the galleries with his friends upon the days when he was to address the house. The secret of a feminine protection could be detected even in the highest political destinies of the time; every minister had his Egeria. Princess Bagration, whose beauty, graces, and wit, admired at more than one Congress, have become a matter of history, encouraged and fostered, by her attendance at the tribune, the easy yet spirited eloquence of M. de Martignac.

A new era commenced with the Monarchy of July. The salons of the preceding *régime* continued open, but they were filled with regrets, spite, and bad humor against the government which had just been installed. Then a new and distinct race of women sprang into existence, took the impression of the day and soon imparted a tone to all around. These young women, of a beauty which held a middle place between the beauty of the Empire and that of the Restoration, making their entrance into the world after the government of July was established and consolidated, knew only it, troubled themselves very little with the pretensions of those who had preceded them, and who were now in no small degree faded, and launched forth in a career of their own, full of charms and delights. Paris had experienced the reign of the Faubourg Saint Germain, and afterwards that of the Faubourg Saint Honoré; it was now the turn of the Place Saint Georges. Every quarter of Paris has, in reality, its distinctive manners, the contrast between which can neither be calculated nor appreciated by distance. Young women made their appearance at this moment, and aspired to the frivolous and evanescent celebrity of fashion, who were possessed of charms, and always dressed in a style alike rich and *recherché*, who were intellectual but inclined to the positive, and no longer carried away by the imagination, and who were possessed of a determination of will, which was sustained without an effort in the midst of the most varied and most brilliant dissipation. In the world of that time fortune held as great

a place as ever, and even greater than heretofore. People took a pleasure in displaying their riches, either by costly dress, by the splendor of their equipages, or by their luxurious furniture, extending itself to the fine arts and objects of vertu. These distinctive features of fashionable ladies, some of whom attracted even the attention of the young heir to the throne under the Monarchy of July, are well known. It would be sufficient to quote a few names, but discretion forbids.

Without the circle of the court of King Louis Philippe it is impossible to seize upon and describe the numerous forms which vanity assumed in the ever-renewing confusion and agitation of the day. It was the great era for dressing for effect and for coquetry without disguise.

In 1831, the wealthy bourgeoisie made the Opera their home; they took the place there of the great families and the great names of the Restoration.

More than one young woman established her reputation as a lady of Fashion in a box of the Royal Academy of Music. There are some beauties with whom the brilliancy of the lights and the staring of the crowd impart additional animation to their countenances and enhance their attractions.

Who has not had the indiscretion to allow his lorgnette to rest upon a charming lady full of smiles, with black eyes and eyebrows, whose neck and shoulders presented the most exquisite outlines and the most graceful movements? Her expressive physiognomy depicted almost instantaneously the lively emotions which she received from the theatre, and the pleasure which the homage by which she was surrounded gave to her. The most wealthy and distinguished young men, as well as many old men, proverbial for their gallantry, rivalled with one another in the vigor of their assaults upon her youth and heart, in despite of the foot-lights and a husband. Nor was she wanting in spirit to repel these assiduities. "Take care," she said to a septuagenary one day, who was harrassing her with his attentions, "je vais vous céder."

This young lady, whose name was in every one's mouth, and whose position placed her along side of the court, was to be seen at the most fashionable balls as well as in the most prominent and *recherché* seat at the race-course. Her absence from any one of these rendezvous of opulence, luxury, and frivolity, would have been felt by all. She eclipsed all competitors wherever she showed herself, and according to the Latin historian, "eo magis præfulgebat quod non videbatur."

During this *régime* of eighteen years' duration, the romances of Madame Sand and of Balzac, and the poetry of Alfred de Musset, imparted a peculiar character to young wo-

men. Boldness of conception, cavalier-like manners, a sensibility susceptible of deep emotions but only for positive things, or where their interests were concerned, constituted the distinctive features of the more or less political and more or less fashionable women of the time of Louis Philippe.

Some, of good birth, charming manners, and high spirits, indulged in eccentricities of conduct not altogether feminine. One of these, who was indefatigable in field sports, a first-rate rider, ready to engage any Madam: Patin who should cross her path with sword or pistol, who smoked egregiously, and never cared to control the fantasies of either her heart or her head, had still the power to attract around her, whether at the theatre, at the steeple-chase, or in the salons, serious and important personages, as well as "the fine flower of our golden youth." Free-thinker, if you so will it, untamable in character, taking life boldly, profoundly philosophical, she would, like the Duchess of Bourgogne, have, cheered the old age of Louis XIV. by her witty sayings; she would, in the early days of her youth, have roused, by her numerous attractions, the worn-out passions of Louis XV.

All this, let it be said without sarcasm for that vast number of young women, amiable, well-informed, regular, reasonable, and far from void of beauty, whom the higher classes and the middle classes rival one another in bringing up in a style which tends every day to confound the two classes more and more together.

Those exchanges of titles of nobility for large fortunes, which were so common under the Restoration, continued under the Monarchy of July. Under this latter régime, the balance to be made in a contract between a coat of arms and a dowry was regulated with increased parsimony, and not always so much in favor of the escutcheon. Many a young woman, inheritor of the paternal millions, laboriously accumulated in the practice of a more or less liberal profession, purchased her title of countess, and her right of presentation in the salons of the Faubourg of St. Germain, for a very modest annuity settled upon the husband, who was in no way allowed to interfere with the capital from whence it was derived. Under the junior branch, the purchase of a title of nobility experienced a great decline in value.

The parliamentary government upheld, it must be acknowledged, if not an elegant and refined phraseology in the salons, at least a certain degree of taste and ability. But still it cannot be gainsaid, that among the women who gave themselves the greatest trouble to lead the fashion, no small number were also "women of business." Many a beauty with charming eyes and most attractive and poetic

countenance, in the midst of the emotions of daily life and the thousand cares and anxieties inseparable from their pretensions, would exhibit greater skill in detecting the combinations of the *Bourse* than her husband, absorbed in stock-exchange speculations, and having little or nothing else to think of.

One of the most fashionable women of the Government of July, and whose exceeding beauty would have filled the salons of the empire and the Restoration with admiration, allowed herself to be particularly carried away by what, in her case, was a family passion for gambling in the funds. She would conceive and follow out combinations of the most extensive bearing, and often conduct them to a fortunate result such as she herself had alone foreseen; and all that united to a noble patronage of art, and an admirable appreciation for intelligence and originality of views.

The most modest artist was favored with the same delicate attentions in the salons of that lady, whose aspect and attitudes were those of a duchess, as the leading diplomatists, financiers, or statesmen of the day. A strong inclination for all that is beautiful and rare creates the love of money, and hence it is that, amidst the progress of commerce and of industry, many women, who, one would think, could have nothing better to do than to cultivate their beauty and study their dress, display a practical capacity for the most difficult and complicated affairs.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the great ladies of the court had nothing but gambling with which to ruin or to enrich themselves: in our times, intellect and talent play a far greater part in the combinations which propose to themselves the acquiring of a large fortune as a result. The possession of riches has not, however, the effect of deadening the sympathies of these great ladies; on the contrary, their natural tendencies are always towards generous and noble actions.

The women in that numerous gallery of portraits sketched by the masterly hand of Saint Simon, ever absorbed in their beauty, their great luxury, and their brilliant pleasures, combined with the transaction of a serious business, are wanting in this last great feature. None showed themselves equal to the task of uniting the imagination of a Law or a Colbert with the severe and charming attitudes of a Maintenon, the lovely coquetry of a Duchess of Bourgogne, or the tender and loving heart of a La Vallière.

A few political salons flourished under the Monarchy of July. A title of nobility, a large fortune, a graceful hospitality, personal charms, or the reputation of beauty, do not suffice for a person of distinction, loving the world, to draw around her men of standing, occupying or having occupied high stations, and to create

a centre of conversation which shall above all things be well informed upon the affairs of the moment. It requires, to produce such a result, to have kept up intimate relations with the distinguished men of other countries as well as of one's own. How clever and ready must the hostess also be, who has always at her command the language which is best adapted for those whom she has to address, and finds words to gratify every one?

Members of the two chambers—ministers, artists, and literary men—were among the privileged classes in the salons of the time of Louis Philippe, sometimes presided over by a great foreign lady. These intimate and familiar re-unions brought political men together, and more than one result, useful to the country, was thus often brought about amidst those conflicts of opinion which arise from parliamentary discussion. Many an academical election was also decided by the influences of the salons, and there still exist little groups of academicians, who, by their worldly habits, evidently consider themselves as necessary elements of fashionable society.

Women have been sovereigns, and have seen themselves surrounded by flatterers in all

ages. In Homer we find old men admiring the graces of Helen, exalting her charms and attractions, and grieving over the power of such fatal seductions. Theocritus, full of sentiment and passion, makes his companions and rivals join with him in singing the beauty of the daughter of Tyndarus. The munificence of emperors and kings has raised statues and palaces to those whom they have loved. This somewhat pagan worship for the beauty of women no longer exists in our times. Women reign, and always will reign, over the heart; but in the present day the young woman and wife is rather an object of respect and esteem than of attentions and gallantry. Clubs, which multiply every day, keep men away from female society; they lose the influence of their mild and beneficial example, and they oblige the more refined sex to put up with their own rude and masculine habits, even to the smoking of cigars. The nineteenth century is very far removed from the time when a La Rochefoucauld said to a Duchess of Longueville:

Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois; je l'aurai faite aux dieux!

From the Examiner.

Stories in Verse. By Leigh Hunt. Now first collected. Routledge & Co.

MR. ROUTLEDGE has here made a charming addition to the cheap literature of the day. Fix as you will Leigh Hunt's place as a poet hereafter, where is the poet amongst us now that tells a story more gracefully, more effectively? Who does not know, by heart almost, at least some half dozen of his "stories in verse?" And all he has written of this kind are such as thoroughly to please the best tastes of the people. Long or short—whether it be the story of Rimini in four cantos, the ballad of Kilspindie in a score of stanzas, or Abou Ben Adhem in a dozen lines—a story in verse by Leigh Hunt is a story. It is the real thing, and not the pretence of it. Told in good faith, if long a legend, and if short a parable or proverb, his verse-narratives are of the class that have for ages been always welcome not merely to persons of refined taste, but to masses of the people. Few men in the choice of topics for such treatment have combined more tact with more refinement than Leigh Hunt. The unerring instinct of a poet, enriched and influenced by a poet's studies, has led him to such themes as not only appeal to the healthy popular appetite but commend themselves also to the selectest tastes. Of

such is this volume composed; and we can have no better wish for "the million" than that each and all should become possessed of a copy, not less for their own enjoyment than for the well-earned profit and just delight of the story-teller's cheerful old age.

A characteristic of Leigh Hunt's verse which makes his touch so pleasant in a story is its complete absence of strain. He does not admire what he calls "perpetual commentating thoughts and imaginative analogies;" his verse is in that respect like Southey's. Chaucer is his ideal of a story-telling poet, and in some respects his model, the definition of poetry by which he is best pleased being that by which it has been called "geniality singing." Having found a tale worth telling in a genial way, and which is in itself poetical, Leigh Hunt's only care is to tell it as he feels it, in verses that contain a music proper for its complete expression. There are views of the vocation and art of the poet certainly higher than this, but there can be no doubt that this view must at least tend to the production of such poetry as readers of all classes can enjoy, and that there is no principle upon which stories in verse can be written more likely to assure to them extended popularity and usefulness. For this reason we hold the collection of these *Stories* into a cheap volume that may find its place upon the railway stall, and be received

into households of every class, to have been a wise and well-considered act. The whole audience to which the song has been addressed is thus for the first time invited to gather about the genial singer.

The volume opens with the story of Rimini, the tale, as everybody knows, of Dante's Paolo and Francesca, amplified into its full romance: and here, in the very first page, the attention of the story-teller's audience is caught, and the freshness of the morning air is in his very music as he sings. Often as we have read and heard these lines, we must copy them once again.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay,

A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassier soil;
And all the scene in short,—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and spring-
ing:—

The birds to the delightful time are singing.
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
As though they shar'd the transport in the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scatter'd light;
Come gleaming up, true to the wish'd-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

The words and the music alike fit the thought in this delightful opening. A sort of musical plain-speaking, indeed, which describes in the clearest possible way every scene or event present to the narrator's mind, sets before all hearts the gradual course of the tale,—the coming of Paolo to receive his brother's bride, the beauty of Paolo, the mistake of him for his brother, the sternness of Giovanni to whose home Francesca is conveyed, the fatal love and its disastrous consequences. In the true spirit of a popular minstrel we have Paolo's public entrance into Ravenna described, and the effect made by his beauty on Francesca, who has flattered herself that she saw in him the husband she was to wed, and the journey to Rimini, and the return. In these and other special passages (such as the eve of Giovanni's discovery of his disgrace) nothing can surpass the force and the directness of the poet's style. But in

illustration we must be content to restrict ourselves to one more passage—that most affecting one of the close of the duel between the two brothers.

'Twas done. He stagger'd; and in falling
prest
Giovanni's foot with his right hand and breast:
Then on his elbow turn'd, and raising t'other,
He smil'd and said, "No fault of yours, my
brother:
"An accident—a slip—the finishing one
To errors by that poor old man begun.
You'll not—you'll not"—his heart leaped on
before,
And check'd his utterance; but he smil'd once
more,
For as his hand grew lax, he felt it prest;—
And so, his dim eyes sliding into rest,
He turn'd him round, and dropt with hiding
head,
And in that loosening drop his spirits fled.

But noble passion touch'd Giovanni's soul;
He seem'd to feel the clouds of habit roll
Away from him at once, with all their scorn,
And out he spoke, in the clear air of morn:
"By heaven, by heaven, and all the better part
Of us poor creatures with a human heart,
I trust we reap at last, as well as plough;—
But there, meantime, my brother, liest thou;
And, Paolo, thou wert the completest knight,
That ever rode with banner to the fight;
And thou wert the most beautiful to see,
That ever came in press of chivalry;
And of a sinful man, thou wert the best,
That ever for his friend put spear in rest;
And thou wert the most meek and cordial,
That ever among ladies ate in hall;
And thou wert still, for all that bosom gor'd
The kindest man that ever struck with sword."

At this the words forsook his tongue; and he,
Who scarcely had shed tears since infancy,
Felt his stern visage thrill, and meekly bow'd
His head, and for his brother wept aloud.

The squires with glimmering tears—Tristan,
indeed,
Heart-struck, and hardly able to proceed,—
Double their scarfs about the fatal wound,
And raise the body up to quit the ground.
Giovanni starts; and motioning to take
The way they came, follows his brother back,
And having seen him laid upon the bed,
No further look he gave him, nor tear shed,
But went away, such as he used to be,
With looks of stately will and calm austerity.

This very simplicity and manliness, nevertheless, which should ensure for Leigh Hunt as a story-teller in verse so general a popularity, and which springs out of his principle of composition, is at the bottom as well of his faults as of his beauties. He accepts popular phrases that are in themselves not unpoetical, too careless of the prejudice that may by some people be entertained against them; and this

is the source of the trivial familiarisms so frequently laid to his charge. Vulgarisms we cannot consent to call them, where the idea of the words is always just and their expression often perfect, but yet it is probable that nine out of ten educated readers might be disposed to call them by that name. And on that very account it is, we suspect, that the author likes them even all the more, for why, he would ask, when writing for the people, should he not adopt, when they are accurate, these homely methods of expression? We do not now propose to discuss the question thus raised. We desire only to point out that even if the use of such phrases be not advisable, unthinking and hasty contempt of them is a thing more difficult to justify.

We have spoken of Rimini, and now, passing over the other hardly less delightful stories, Hero and Leander, the Gentle Armor, the Palfrey, let us take one of the shorter tales or parables, for the sake of giving greater completeness to our illustration of the popular character of these *Stories in Verse*.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordain'd that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—

All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man

Was brought—was gaz'd upon. The mutes began

To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he,

"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;

Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restor'd me—lov'd me—put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar!"

Haroun, who felt, that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deign'd to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go: and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it

High tow'rd's the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaim'd "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

If the reader admires this, let him not fail to make acquaintance with Mahmoud, Godiva, the Bitter Gourd, and the Inevitable. Our extracts are necessarily limited, and we must be content to close with the noble ballad of "Kilspindie":

King James to royal Stirling town
Was riding from the chase,
When he was ware of a banish'd man
Return'd without his grace.

The man stood forward from the crowd
In act to make appeal:
Said James, but in no pleasant tone,
"Yonder is my Grey-steel."

He knew him not by his attire,
Which was but poor in plight;
He knew him not by his brown curls,
For they were turn'd to white;

He knew him not by followers,
For want had made them strange;
He knew him by his honest look,
Which time could never change.

Kilspindie was a Douglas bold,
Who, when the King was young,
Had pleas'd him like the grim Grey-steel,
Of whom sweet verse is sung:

Had pleas'd him by his sword that cropp'd
The knights of their renown,
And by a foot so fleet and firm,
No horse could tire it down.

But James had sworn an angry oath,
That as he was King crown'd,
No Douglas ever more should set
His foot on Scottish ground.

Too bold had been the Douglas race,
Too haughty and too strong;
Only Kilspindie of them all
Had never done him wrong.

"A boon! a boon!" Kilspindie cried;
"Pardon that here am I:
In France I have grown old and sad,
In Scotland I would die."

Kilspindie knelt, Kilspindie bent,
His Douglas pride was gone;
The King he neither spoke nor look'd,
But sternly rode straight on.

Kilspindie rose, and pace for pace
Held on beside the train,
His cap in hand, his looks in hope,
His heart in doubt and pain.

Before them lay proud Stirling hill,
The way grew steep and strong;
The King shook bridle suddenly,
And up swept all the throng.

Kilspindie said within himself,
"He thinks of Auld Lang Syne,
And wishes pleasantly to see
What strength may still be mine."

On rode the court, Kilspindie ran,
His smile grew half distress'd;
There wasn't a man in that company,
Save one, but wish'd him rest.

Still on they rode, and still ran he,
His breath he scarce could get;
There wasn't a man in that company,
Save one, with eyes unwet.

The King has enter'd Stirling town,
Nor ever graced him first;
Kilspindie sat him down, and ask'd
Some water for his thirst,

But they had mark'd the monarch's face.
And how he kept his pride;
And old Kilspindie in his need
Is water's self denied.

Ten weeks thereafter, sever'd still
From Scotland's dear embrace,
Kilspindie died of broken heart,
Sped by that cruel race.

Ten years thereafter, his last breath
King James as sadly drew;
And though he died of many thoughts,
Kilspindie cross'd him too.

Is it requisite to add to what we have said a truth so notorious as that the most generous sympathies, and truest appreciation of all that is good and noble, have always been among the characteristics of this English author; that his taste and skill, whether as poet or prose writer, have invariably been exercised under their guidance; and that his thoughts and feelings, even more than his words, have brought him into harmony with good men of all ranks in life and all degrees in intellect? We did not need the fresh assurance we receive on this point from the language of the dedication of his volume to the Duke of Devonshire. Earnestly yet delicately worded, the one may be as proud to give, as the other to receive, such praise.

A WEDDING IN CHINA.

Extract of a letter, dated

SHANGHAI, CHINA, February 15th, 1855.

A short time since I was present at the marriage of a Chinese couple, and as I was much interested in the proceedings on that occasion, I thought a brief account of them might be agreeable, and afford you some entertainment, particularly should you be as eager as most young ladies are, to hear and see everything connected with so important a ceremony.

To premise, I must tell you that the bridegroom is a graduate of the Episcopal missionary school here, and that, in addition to conforming to the peculiar customs of his own country, he had desired to be married in the Christian fashion. In consideration of this, the Bishop had duly expounded and interpreted to the bridegroom the nature of our holy office of matrimony. Both parties were made fully sensible of its divine injunctions, and appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the obligations it mutually imposes. The bride was especially pleased to learn, that by the Christian faith, her husband was not permitted to take more than one wife. She highly approved of the restriction that prevents men possessing as many wives as their means will support, as is usual in China, and expressed great delight at the prospect of having no rival to contend with.

The novelty of the wedding, for this is the first couple, the Bishop tells me, that he has ever

joined together,—attracted to the Episcopal chapel a large number of both natives and foreigners. I had not waited long before the nuptial procession arrived. It was headed by a band of peculiar wind and stringed instruments, that discoursed anything but music to an American ear; after which came the sedans and boxes containing the marriage feast, all of them painted red, and their bearers wearing red jackets. In this train of luxuries, I counted no less than a dozen hogs roasted whole, and glazed and garnished in the most fantastic manner. A goat that had also been roasted, and was so contrived that its head was constantly nodding, made a very whimsical appearance. These were succeeded by members of the family, before whom walked the bridegroom, a little man elegantly dressed, who strutted alone, evidently puffed up with a vast idea of his own importance. Then followed an old man bearing a large umbrella, to hold over the bride when she enters and leaves her sedan; behind him came boys prettily dressed, carrying lanterns and banners; then, the trays on which were seen the bride's trousseau, consisting of silks, jewelry, etc.; and, lastly, a close red sedan chair, beautifully gilded and embroidered, containing the bride herself. On ordinary occasions she is locked in the chair by her mother or some other relation, and the key is given to the bridegroom after reaching his house, where he opens the door, assists his wife out, and sees her perhaps for the first time in his life. On account of the seclusion in which

young ladies are kept, they know very few persons besides their own relations. They pay visits only to their relations, and are then carried in close sedans. Besides the fashion of cramping the feet, that makes it difficult for them to walk out, custom confines them to the house, and prevents them extending their acquaintances. They know nothing whatever of the sweet delights of courtship, and are often entirely unacquainted with the character and appearance of their intended husbands. Betrothment takes place in childhood, and is arranged by match-makers of either sex, whose profession it is to conduct nuptial negotiations.

But to return to the wedding. The bride soon appeared at the chancel, in company with the groom, and two matronly ladies hired for the occasion to comfort and assist her. She wore a scarlet crape dress, of the Chinese fashion: a veil of the same material, hanging from her forehead, concealed her features; very pretty embroidered shoes covered her little feet, scarcely four inches in length, and her hair was elaborately dressed and decked with ornaments. The Bishop, knowing we were all curious to see a Chinese beauty, very considerably raised her veil, and placed it on top of her head. The exposure did not meet my ideas of loveliness, but her simplicity and modest deportment in this trying position, and the deep interest she seemed to take in the whole ceremony invested her with a charm so engaging, that I could not help feeling concerned for her welfare, and hoping all her expectations of happiness might be realized. The service that was performed in the Chinese language, was solemn and imposing, and I thought impressed them with a proper sense of the importance of the contract they were entering into. As soon as the knot was tied, the veil was drawn over the bride's face, she was conducted to her chair, and carried in possession to the bridegroom's house. Here she was received by her husband, who handed her out, and followed her into a room, where, with becoming gravity, he took off the red veil; after which, they pledged each other in wine, the cups being joined by a thread, as an emblem of constancy. This most important part of the Chinese ceremonial, was ended by the pair worshipping their ancestral tablets, and saluting all the members of the family. The band then struck up, and the assembled guests sat down to the feast, the men in one apartment, the women in another. I had intended remaining to witness this curious banquet; but the unsavory odor of their culinary compounds so discomposed the economy of my stomach, that I was seized with uneasy qualms, and was upon the point of exhibiting my indisposition in public, when under pretence of visiting a very sick patient, I took a hasty departure, leaving the company plying the bridegroom with liquor, and in a high state of conviviality.—*Journal of Commerce.*

AN ILLUSTRATION.

NOTHING more strongly illustrates the spirit of American enterprise than the activity of their search after guano islands. Wherever in the wide ocean, be it the Atlantic or the Pacific,

there is supposed to be a cargo of that valuable deposit, there the Americans betake themselves. It is exactly the sort of trade they like; full of difficulty, doubt, and hazard; speculative as to results, but almost as tempting as gold-digging itself; dealing with uninhabited and solitary rocks, and requiring great powers of endurance, a determined and aggressive spirit, and, above all, a resolution not to fail. Not many years ago we had them invading the right of Peru, in the Lobo islands in the Pacific,—though, to do them justice, as soon as they were convinced that those islands did really belong to Peru, they respected the sovereignty of that state,—and now it seems, from a conversation the other day in the House of Commons, they have got hold of an insular mass of guano off the coast of Venezuela, marked on the map as the Aves Isle.

Well, they cannot be blamed. Guano is far too valuable and high-priced a commodity not to be attractive to American enterprise. But the provoking part of the matter is, that the naval service of England, so long ago as 1849, first discovered the existence of guano deposits on this islet; yet so sluggish and indifferent is our Government that it has allowed the Americans to forestall us at Aves, and then, having thus neglected its own opportunity, it falls to complaining of American greediness in attempting to monopolize what it would not itself turn to use. Our Foreign Office instructs its Agents at Caracas to insist on obtaining from the Venezuelan Government (which affects to have sold the right to take the guano from the Aves Isle to a set of American adventurers) equal privileges there. And thus out of our own supineness we get up a squabble with Venezuela, and exasperate ill-will against ourselves in the United States.

There are two islands called Aves at no very great distance from each other; one not far from the French West Indian Colonies, the other about a hundred miles from the Venezuelan coast (lat. 12 deg., long. W. 67 deg. 30 m.); and it is on the latter that guano has been found. Of course we cannot pretend to say to what the report made in 1849 by the British naval officers who visited it, amounted; but it was certainly from their visit that any importance the islet now has must date. What we neglected, the Americans followed up; and then, when their enterprise sets our Foreign Office thinking, it straightway wants to claim the place as British. Against that pretension the law officers of the Crown, after the usual delay, advised the Government. But again delay proved mischievous, for meanwhile the Americans bought the exclusive right from the Venezuelan Government; and now the Foreign Office is going to protest against a monopoly in the hands of the Americans, though it would, if it could, have established a monopoly of its own. The whole affair is a small one; but it is a very pretty illustration of British diplomacy as well as of American enterprise, which goes a-head simply because it looks a-head.

The present condition of the matter is this, that, though the naval service of England first lit on guano in the Aves island, the Americans have established themselves on it under the authority of a concession from the Venezuelan Govern-

ment, and with the help of a band of stout Irish laborers are digging up and sending away the guano as fast as they can—keeping other people off it by threats and the exhibition of force. Concurrently, we the discoverers, are bullying the poor Venezuelan authorities at Caracas to let us in for a share of what they have sold to the Americans, which of course they cannot do without a breach of faith involving dispute with a people by no means agreeable to quarrel with. and to make matters more ridiculous, it is very doubtful indeed whether Venezuela, after all, has any title to the Aves Isle. It has certainly none by reason either of occupation or propinquity. The place seems rather to be a dependency of the not distant Dutch Islands of Curaçao and Buen Ayre, and it is, we believe, actually claimed by the Government of Holland.

But while we, the original finders of the guano, are insisting on our rights at the Caracas, and the Dutch, the legal owners, are looking up old maps and investigating at the Hague,—the acute Americans are carrying off the manure; and by the time the two old Governments have left off writing despatches and drawing up memoirs, the young transatlantic people, having swallowed the oyster, will be in the position to present either with an empty shell.—*Examiner*.

From the Correspondent of the London Daily News.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

NAPLES, May 10.

THE lava has now advanced ten miles from its source, and is doing terrible damage. I have before me the report of Cozzolino as to the latest changes which have taken place about the cone. Just at the base of it a lake of fire has been formed, which looks like a red sea in an undulatory state. In the very centre of this has opened another crater, which is throwing out red-hot stones.

On the morning of the 7th, the crater at the very summit, fired, as it were, two heavy cannonades; and after sending forth lightning, flames and stones, broke up altogether. In the middle of the cone ten craters have been formed, and from these the lava pours forth like a river, and runs on the side of the Cavello as far as the Minatore. Here four other craters have been formed, which throw up bitumen in the manner of pyramids, and resemble gigantic exhibitions of fireworks. The whole of the summit of the crater is therefore like a sponge, and must inevitably fall in. The thin crust trembles under your feet. You may see the stones dance with the tremulous movement; the part immediately round the crater looks like the sides of a heated copper boiler. Such is a true statement of what is going on on the summit.

There are reports of an opening towards Pompeii which is not unlikely, and of another towards Resina but I have not been up for some days, as the danger is now very great. Before I write again I shall make the attempt. Last night I went to the scene of most stirring interest, after an interval of two days. The whole length of this usually quiet road was like a fair, and such was the throng of carriages which

were moving on in three lines, that it was with difficulty we ever arrived at our destination. As we approached the menaced neighborhood, the inhabitants were removing their goods, and on a bridge in the middle of the little township of Cercolo (through which in the winter time thunders down from the summit of Vesuvius one of those mountain rivers so well known in Italy), stood a company of sappers.

Creeping under this solid, handsome bridge into the bed of the river, we went up in face of the lava which was now coming rapidly down. Here again were sappers raising mounds on either side, to divert the ruin from some private grounds, and keep the lava in one straight course. The smoke which rose over the heads of the multitudes told us we were close on the spot, and climbing up the bank and walking along the top, we looked down on this mighty mass of fire. How changed the neighborhood in two days! Where I walked on Sunday night was now a sea of fire. The side road by which I had come down into the main stream from Pollena and Massi di Somma was now full of blackened coke. The houses on the borders of the village had fallen—in one thirty poor people lived; a small chapel was swallowed up, a gentleman's villa, and a sad extent of vineyard and garden ground.

On the other side of the great lava bed another stream was branching off to San Sebastiano. We had hoped to have crossed it, and ascended to the cascade again, but it was no longer possible; for, as one says speaking of a marshy country in the winter, the lava was out. The fire here had begun to enter the burial ground of the little town, but was diverted from its course by a wall. On the opposite side of the stream were the king and all the royal family. The banks on either side were thronged with curious and anxious multitudes, whose faces were lighted up with the blaze of hundreds of torches, and with the more resplendent flame of the rapidly descending lava. Since the morning it had moved a mile. It was like a vast river of glowing coke.

As it moved on, the tens of thousands of lumps rolled and tumbled one over the other, crackling, and grinding, and grating; and when, from the very face of it, a large lump fell off, the appearance was that of an iron furnace when the iron is being drawn. To make the resemblance more complete, at such times men darted forwards with long poles, taken from the neighboring vineyards, and pulled out great masses of lava, in which they embedded money for sale. What struck me at first, and still strikes me as the most majestic feature in the whole scene, is the slow, silent, irresistible motion of that fiery flood. Active almighty power without an effort! Sweeping everything before it, overcoming every obstacle, growing up against intervening walls or houses, and devouring them bodily, and then marching on in the same silent, unrelenting, irresistible manner as before.

There was a spot beneath my feet where a wall of mason work had been built to break the violence of the winter floods; to this spot all eyes were directed. The fiery river would fall over it in an hour; as yet it was distant from it seventy

yards, perhaps. Gradually it rose in height, and swelled out its vast proportions, and then vast masses fell off and rolled forward; then it swelled again as fresh matter came pressing down behind, and so it broke, and on it rolled again and again till it had arrived at the very edge. There was a general buzz and murmur of voices. The royal family stood opposite to me, intermingled with the crowd, looking on with intense anxiety.

At last it broke, not hurriedly, still with a certain show of majesty. At first a few small lumps fell down; then poured over a pure liquid of metal, like thick treacle, clinging sometimes mass to mass, from its glutinous character, and last of all tumbled over gigantic lumps of scorite. Then on it moved once more in its silent, regular course, swelling up and spreading over the vineyards on either side; and now there was a rush for the road which traverses this lava-bed. Houses and the bridge bordered the road, the carriages had all been ordered off, and the bridge was being broken down—we were cut off completely. The sentinels would not let us pass, and struck us and drove us back; but we forced our way, and then found too surely that it was impossible to get on.

The bridge was half demolished, and by the light of the torches we could see the soldiers above working away with the pick and the axe. We had therefore to retrace our steps, and making a long circuit through the open country and over walls, came round to the top of the bridge—"run," said the sentinels, "or you will be too late." We crossed the narrow parapet which was still remaining, and soon afterwards down went the whole fabric. In this way it is hoped that the lava will be diverted from the townships of St. Sebastiano, Massi di Somme and Pollena, which stand on either side, and have as yet only suffered partially. Cercolo, through which, however, the stream is rolling, will be sacrificed.

The expectation is that the lava, should the eruption continue, will flow down to the Ponte Maddaloni, and into the sea. So grand and so destructive an eruption has not been known for many years, and even now we cannot tell how or when it will terminate. The mountain is literally seamed with lava, and many fear a violent explosion as the final scene of the tragedy.

A RUSSIAN CHARIVARI.

A correspondent, writing from the Russian frontier May 10th, says: One of the effects of the present war is a novelty of its kind for Russia, where the liberty of the press is as much unknown as censorship in England. Under the title of the "Mirror for Englishmen," a publication has been started for the avowed purpose of holding up the manners and customs of old England to the ridicule of "Holy Russia." It is published by the German bookseller Jungmeister, and eleven numbers have as yet appeared.

The illustrations contain a series of what are called "characteristic sketches," but which are, in plain English, nothing but the most stale and

grotesque caricatures of English life, without any redeeming point, or wit, or knowledge of the subject. There is the very antique joke of the Englishman bringing his wife to market with a halter round her neck, and selling her by auction. Lord Palmerston comes in for his share of the satire, and, of course, Sir Charles Napier and his last year's *promenade sur mer* plays a conspicuous figure.

Then there are allusions to the cat-o'-nine-tails, army-contractors packing indigestible bricks into bales of compressed hay, drunkenness in the army, and pedantry in the administration of the country, which reflect great credit on the *naïveté* of the Russian censors, for permitting the publication, as most of the Russian readers will perceive at a glance that the satires are altogether applicable to their own country.

Amongst other illustrations of wit is a scene in the House of Lords, in which a "My Lord" gets up, and asks why the blockading squadron do not go up to the White sea through the Gulf of Bothnia, which, he maintains, is the nearest route. The *Petersburger Zeitung*, in alluding to this, affirms that is by no means an exaggerated picture of the ignorance of the English, for that the children of the middling and lower classes never heard of God, and have not the least idea who Victoria is, adding by way of a clincher to its veracity, that a monster petition was lately presented to Parliament by the schoolmasters of England, which contained no less than 836 crosses in lieu of signatures.

SUN-PICTURES OF SEBASTOPOL.—Mr. Fenton, the celebrated photographer, and his assistant, have been actively employed in front of the camp of late. Such have been his zeal and energy, in spite of winter weather and occasionally of Russian missiles, that he will carry home with him about eight hundred views of Sebastopol and its vicinity. The plates are of large size, and in some of them every window of the larger buildings in the town can be counted. Among the most interesting will be a panoramic sun-picture of the town and its fortifications.—[*Daily News*.

SONNET.

Is manhood all extinct among our race?
Have England's Commons lost their mother-tongue?

Ye were not wont to wear so smooth a face,
Or coyly sipper out your sense of wrong
With such a mincing modesty. Be strong
Once more, and fearless! 'tis no time for grace
For those who err so vilely and so long.
And, Peers of England, see that ye efface
These stains on England's honor. Save us
now

As ye have saved before. Stand in the van
And be the People's spokesmen: from the
slough

Of our despond raise us to the old height
At which our fathers stood. Drive forth this
clan

Unskilled to give us Peace, yet powerless to
fight!

The Press.